

6 Short
Stories

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Christ and His Time

Illustrated from the World's Famous Paintings

The Secret of Hindoo Jugglery

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Railway Collisions to Order • •

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



❁ THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE ❁

AN ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MONTHLY

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1896

NATIVITY. From a painting by H. Le Rolle	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Christ and His Time	<i>Dallas Lore Sharp</i> 115
With illustrations from the famous paintings of the world	
HIS TRENCHANT PEN. Story	<i>Mary E. Cardwill</i> 134
THE NAVAL ORDNANCE PROVING GROUND	<i>Philip Andrews, U. S. N.</i> 137
With photographs	
WHICH WAS THE PRINCESS. Story	<i>Minnie Moffat</i> 145
A MONOCHROME. Sketch	<i>Ella Hicks Johnson</i> 150
ONLY AN ARMY BABY. Story	<i>Kate Tannatt Woods</i> 151
THE SECRET OF HINDOO JUGGLERY	<i>A. Edwin Rood</i> 161
With photographs and drawings	
Conductor and interpreter for the famous Hindoo fakirs (jugglers), recently seen in this country	
RAILWAY COLLISIONS TO ORDER	<i>Clarence Metters</i> 171
With photographs	
A SURVIVOR OF THE RED MAN'S DAY	<i>Frank Andrews</i> 186
Illustrated from photographs	
LIVING FASHION PLATES	178
Illustrations of Stylist Furs	
ABDULLA AND HIS MONEY. Stories from the Persian	191
IN THE MORNING OF THE VICAR'S LIFE	<i>Arthur W. Tarbell</i> 198
THE MOST COSTLY THINGS	<i>Frank A. Clark</i> 203
AUTHORS AND BOOKS	206
WITH THE PUBLISHER	210

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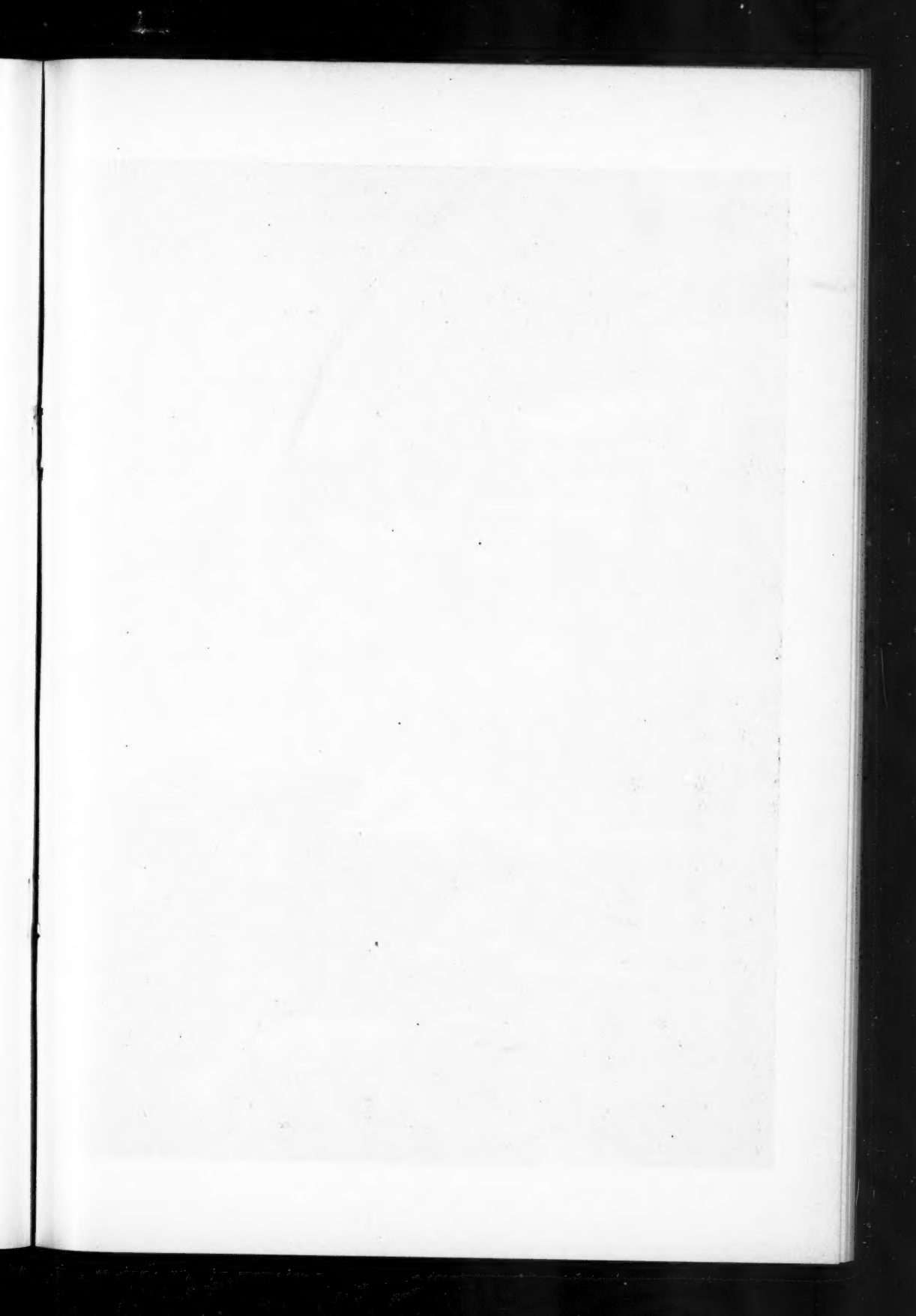
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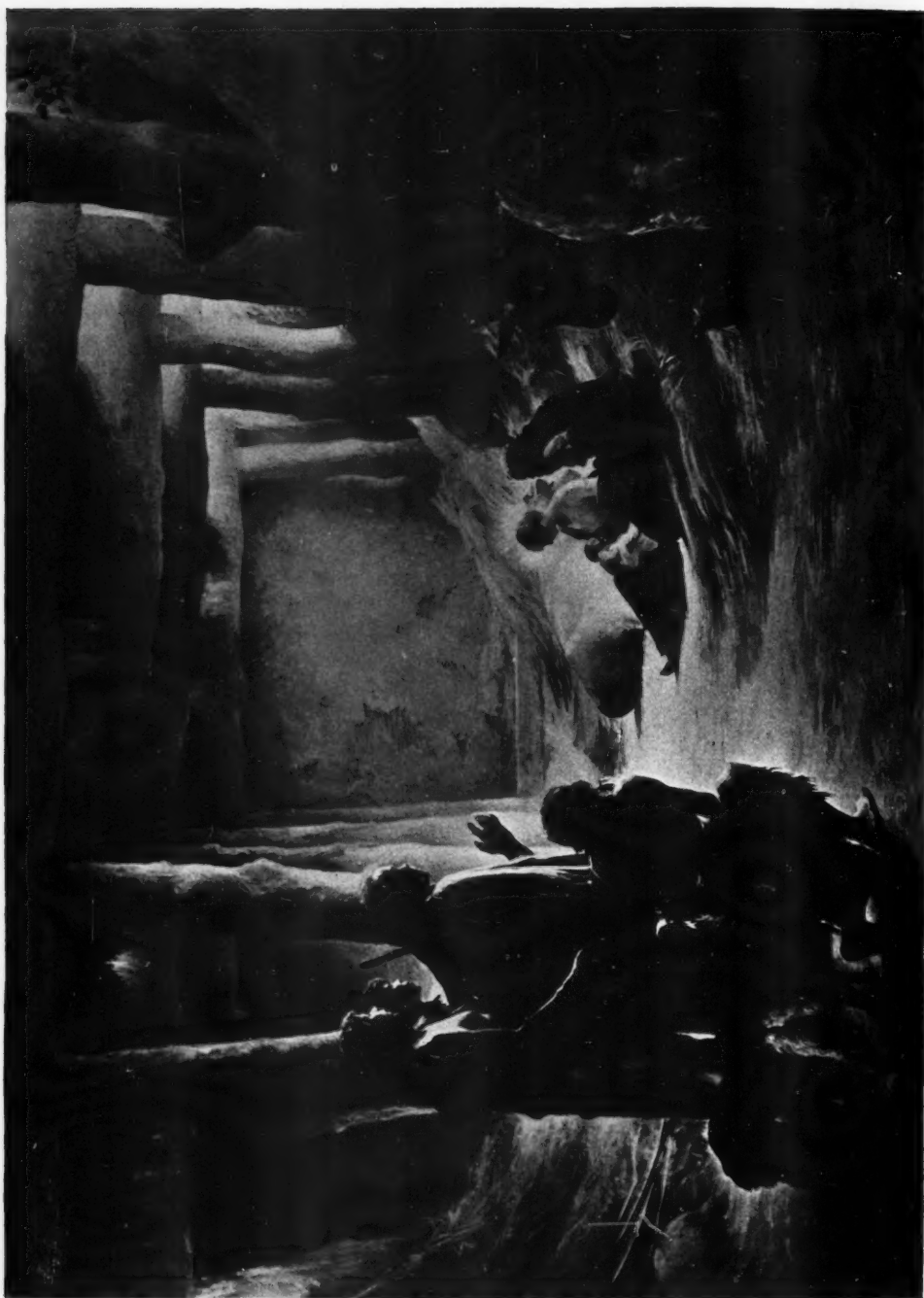
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS AND ON THE TRAINS.

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The Nativity.—"This stable was not a part of the inn, or Khan, but was one of the numerous lime-stone caves of Bethlehem attached to a private house."

Once more the lot is cast, to indicate him who is to pass within the Holy Place and make the incense offering—the highest and solemnest part of the day's services. Among the probable fifty priests about the altar the lot marks Zacharias.

Zacharias was an old man and well-known in the Temple. He had the double distinction of being a priest and having for his wife the daughter of a priest. His long life had been spent in the Temple, but the honor of incensing had never fallen to him before. It could come to a priest only once in his lifetime, for it brought him so much nearer the Divine Presence than any other priestly act, and was so fraught with blessing, that every one was thus given the greatest possible chance to obtain it.

Instead of living in the Ophel quarter in Jerusalem or in Jericho, the other priest centre, Zacharias dwelt in a city of Juda, in the hill country, probably at Hebron. Both the priest and his

wife Elizabeth were now well stricken in years, and were known by their neighbors as righteous and blameless.

During all these years, however, a cloud had hung over the home of Zacharias, an unsatisfied longing had eaten at his heart, a growing desire had burdened all his prayers—his home was childless.

A deep grief this to the old priest, a bitter reproach to Elizabeth, his wife!

But the glowing coals from the burnt sacrifice are spread upon the golden altar that stands before the heavy veil of the Holy of Holies, the helping priest withdraws, and Zacharias with the censor is alone within the Holy Place.

The people in the courts have drawn away from the altar and with the priests are prostrate before the Lord. A hush broods over the Temple. It is the hour of prayer. Every devout Jew the world over is kneeling before Jehovah in supplication for the redemption of Israel.



Zacharias in the Temple. "At the right side of the altar stands an angel"

From a painting by Giotto di Bondone



From a painting by Guldo Rent

The Annunciation.—"It was in the sacred privacy of her own chamber at the hour of prayer that the angel came with the peace-greeting from on high."



Girihood of Mary
From a painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Zacharias waits before the altar for the signal to spread the incense. It comes, and seeing the offering kindle, the perfume clouds arise that symbol Israel's ascending prayers, he bows in worship to withdraw, when, suddenly, a shining light fills all the place and a wondrous vision holds him.

On the right side of the altar stands an angel. Fear falls on the priest. The heavenly messenger speaks: "Fear not,

Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard." "Thy prayer"—the one long prayer of his life, the one passionate yearning of his heart for a son—is heard! Elizabeth shall bear him a son, whose name the angel says shall be John ("the Lord is gracious"). This is to be no common child, for not only will his parents rejoice at his birth but many shall hear and rejoice. And he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, a Nazarite for life

and a prophet and teacher of such power in Israel that to him will be given the great commission of preparation—announces not only the fulfillment of his petitions, but the abounding promises that no father would have dreamed



The Angel's Greeting.—"Mary was probably fourteen or fifteen year's old"

From a painting by A. Seifert

ing a way and making ready the people for the coming of their Lord.

So long had Zacharias offered his prayer that he now had almost ceased to expect an answer, and, as the angel

of asking, the old priest's faith entirely fails, and, instead of thanking God, he, doubting, asks a sign that he may believe.

He asks, and receives at once a sign

and a punishment for his lack of faith. "Thou shalt be silent and not able to speak until the day that these things shall come to pass." And with this the Angel Gabriel vanished.

Meanwhile the people without wondered at the unusual delay. Their prayers were said and they waited the

unbroken, for he is dumb. He has received the sign, and the people, wondering and awe-struck, disperse, knowing he has seen a vision.

THE ANNUNCIATION TO MARY

Six months had not yet passed when the angel once more appeared. He



The Angel Gabriel

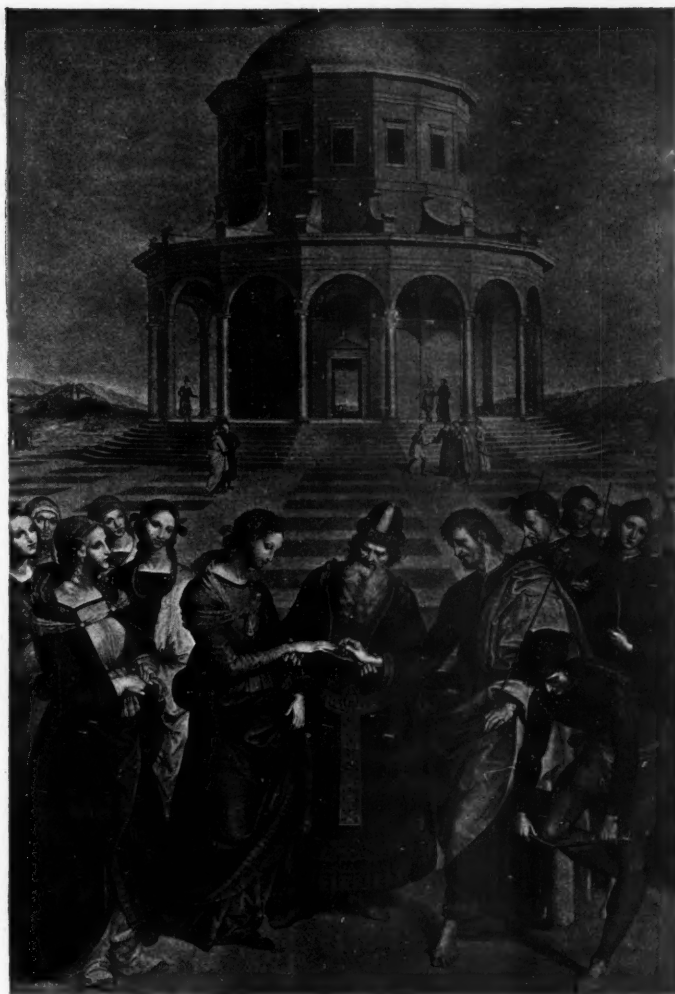
From a painting by Paul Delaroche

priest's return, for his benediction and dismissal. Anxiety and fear took possession of them as he lingered longer and longer in the Holy Place. Had anything happened to him? Had he approached God unworthily and been struck dead by the Almighty?

At last he comes forth and standing on the top of the steps stretches out his hands to pronounce the benediction. His lips move but the deep silence is

brought the same strange message this time that he brought to Zacharias, only this was still more wonderful.

He came this second time, not in answer to the prayers of one priest, but to the life-long cry of a world. He appeared not in Jerusalem of Judea in the Holy Place of the Temple, between the golden altar and the seven-branched candlestick, while an aged priest offered incense, but in the little village of de-



From a painting by Raphael

Marriage of Mary and Joseph

spised Nazareth, in the land of Galilee, at the humblest of the homes of the poor, to Mary, the espoused wife of the village carpenter.

Mary was at her parents home. She was not yet married to Joseph, only be-

trothed to him. But a betrothal in Galilee was as sacred and its obligations as binding as marriage. It could not be dissolved except by a legal writ of divorce. The betrothal took place in the presence of the maiden's parents,

at her home, and though a second ceremony was necessary before they were really married, any breach of the betrothal vows was considered adultery.

Mary was probably fourteen or fifteen years old. It is still the custom in the East to marry at this and even an earlier age, and tradition is almost unanimous in making the virgin mother young as well as beautiful. It is impossible for us to see her in any other light than through the halo of her divine motherhood. And why not beautiful? Could the mother of Jesus, as we know Him, have been other than of the purest loveliness? But she was poor and a peasant? Yes, but the blood of kings coursed through her veins and an eternal kingdom had been promised to her family. Mary was of the royal lineage of David, king of Israel. She was doubtless the cousin of Joseph, who

was a direct descendant of David and the legal heir to his throne. Mary, on her mother's side, could also claim kinship with the priesthood, being a cousin of Elizabeth, the wife of Zacharias.

It was in the sacred privacy of her own chamber, at the hour of prayer, that the angel came with the peace-greeting from on high, and with the marvelous revelation of God's great favor and untold blessings for her. In the simplicity of her religious and child-like nature she was not startled by the heavenly visitor. Angels had visited earth before; they had come with tidings from Jehovah, they had come to the help of Israel, and it is not strange that she, who had always lived in the Old Testament atmosphere, whose very breath was prayer, should see visions and dream dreams.



Place of Appearance to the Shepherds
From a photograph

But the bright stranger spoke and the dream was no longer a dream. His words filled her heart with awe and dread questioning. "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God," and thus reassuring her, Gabriel tells her that she, among all women, is most

She to be the mother of the Messiah! She to be the mother of Him for whom all waited and prayed! In the dawn of her bewildering hope, as the first waves of the great new joy sweep over her, she asks what she shall do. She does not doubt the message



Holy Night

From a painting by H. Grass

blessed, for God, the Father, has chosen her to be the mother of His Son, whose name shall be Jesus. He is to be the Saviour of His people, the promised king of David's line. His the greatness; His the glory; His the kingdom, forever and ever. He is to be the Chosen One of Israel, the long-looked-for Messiah.

of the angel—every woman in Israel cherished a faint hope of the great honor—she only asks, as she accepts the favor, "how?"—teach me what to do.

In familiar words the angel reveals to her the full truth and tells her how God has also blessed Elizabeth, her own kinswoman. In reverent and humble submission Mary joyfully exclaims,

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word." And the angel departed from her.

Left alone with her mysterious secret, what should she do? It was too great to be kept. She must have sympathy and advice. There were none in Nazareth in whom she could confide; but had not the angel told her of Elizabeth? Had not the Lord blessed her in like manner? Surely she would understand; and to her she could open her heart. She determines to visit Elizabeth, and with haste departs for Hebron, nearly a hundred miles to the south—a long and dangerous journey for a maiden, who, being poor, perhaps traveled every mile of the way on foot. But her exalted spirit carries her along until she and Elizabeth meet, when her fervor breaks forth in one of the loftiest and grandest of hymns.

What greetings they were between the two mothers—the mother of "the preparer" to the mother of Him for whom he would prepare.

Mary lingered at Hebron nearly three months. Soon the joyful event would take place in the priest's home and Mary must now return to Nazareth. We can understand the dread with which she thought of breaking the news of her condition to her parents, and especially to her betrothed. She was conscious of her own purity, but she feared, and not without reason, that they would not understand. Joseph was a just man and was troubled at her words. He would not make a public example of her, but "was minded to put her away privily." While he hesitates between hope and fear, the truth is made plain to him in a dream. He hesitates no longer, but conscious of his duty, immediately takes Mary as his wife.

But now there is great rejoicing in the far-off hills of Hebron. The promise is fulfilled and to Zacharias and Elizabeth a boy is born. It was at the circumcision on the eighth day—the day of days in a Jewish household—that the



At Bethlehem

From a painting by W. C. T. Dobson



From a painting by M. Feuerstein

Holy Night.—"She wrapped Him in swaddling cloths and laid Him in a manger."



The Apparition to the Shepherds.—"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy"
From a painting by B. Plöckhorst

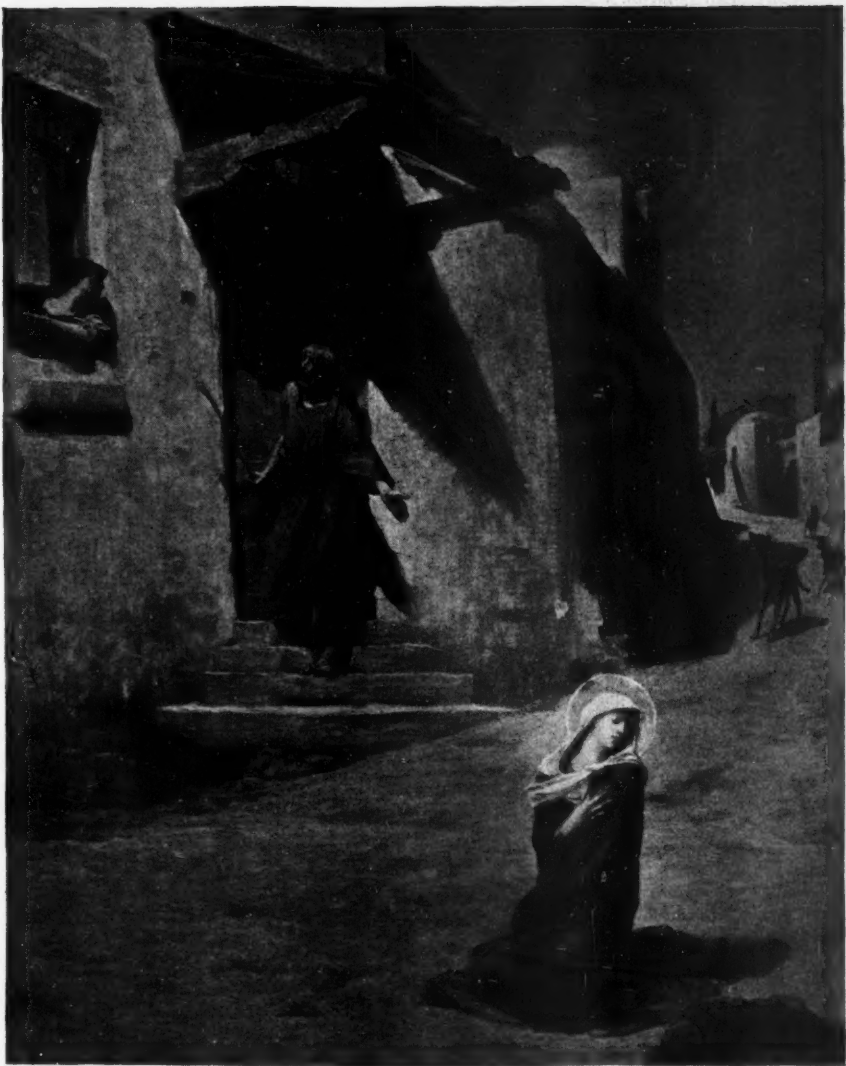
child received his name. During the closing prayer of the ceremony, in which the name was inserted, the priest called him Zacharias, after his father, but Elizabeth interrupts the prayer and says not Zacharias, but John.

For explanation, they turn to the father, who, calling for a slate, writes, "John." With astonishment they read the name; but, when, as the word is

written, the father's tongue is loosed and he breaks forth in praises to God, they are struck with fear. Now they depart to their own homes and spread the strange news abroad until all in the hill country have heard, and wonder what manner of child this shall be.

THE BIRTH AT BETHLEHEM

It was in April that Mary visited



From a painting by L. Oliver Merson

The Arrival at Bethlehem.—"The inns were crowded, every available place occupied and no better shelter to be had than a stable,"

Elizabeth. Now winter was come and one day in December, Mary, in company with Joseph, again starts from Nazareth on a long journey—to Bethlehem.

The occasion for this winter pilgrimage is far different from that which took her along these roads in spring on her way to Hebron. Then she was carried along by a wondrous secret in

Augustus, a mere vassal to the Roman emperor.

Augustus ordered this enrollment or census of the people that he might get a correct basis for taxation, "looking toward a complete estimate of property and population for the Roman world." It was a dangerous undertaking, however cautiously enforced, and needed time and wisdom for its accomplish-



The Nativity
From painting by H. J. Sinkel

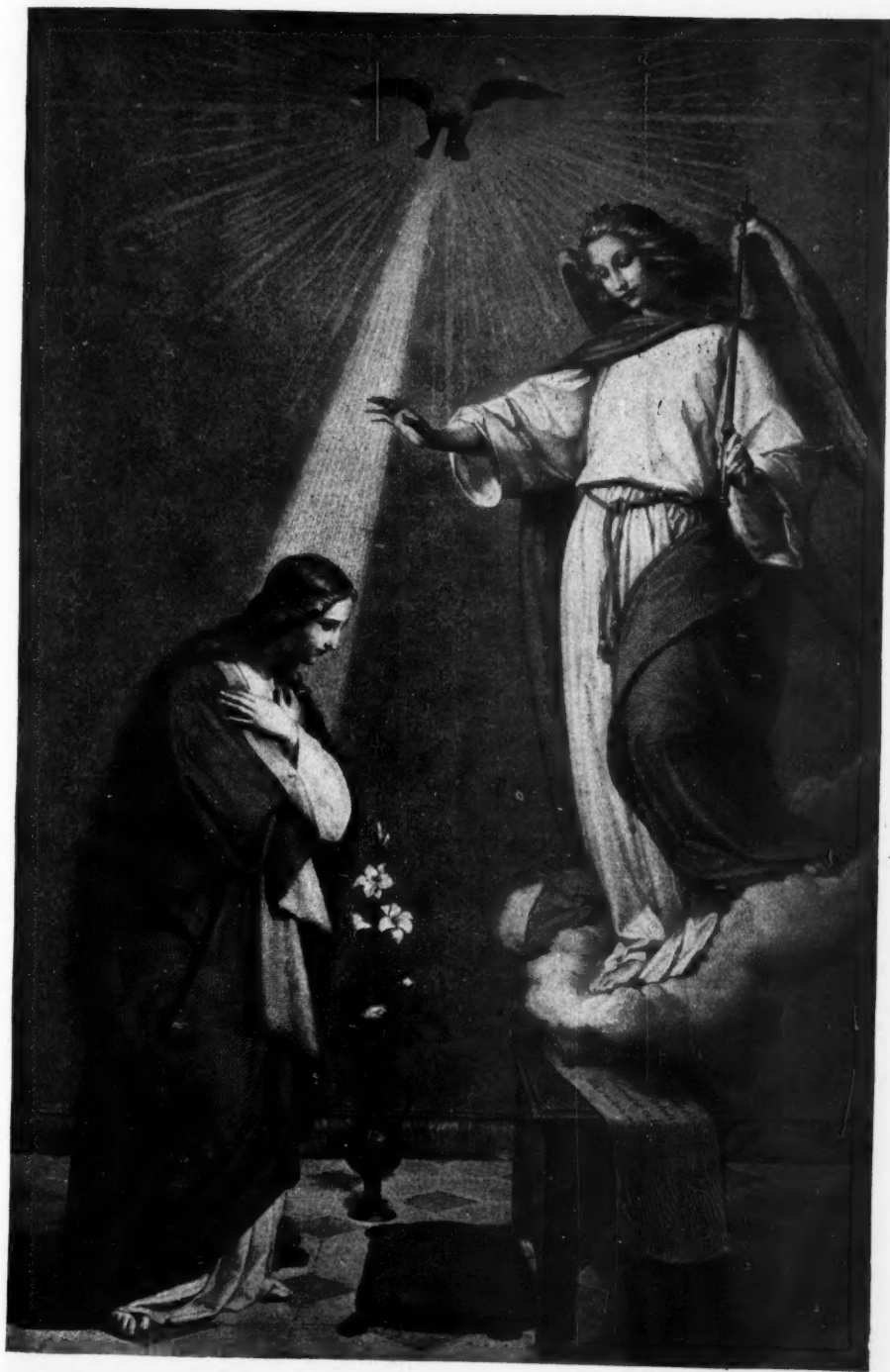
her heart; now she is driven forth by mandates of a hated foreign ruler.

Caesar Augustus had sent forth a decree from Rome "that all the world should be enrolled," and it is in answer to this summons, given to Herod or some Roman governor of Syria to execute, that Joseph and Mary are making their way to Bethlehem.

Palestine had paid tribute to Rome ever since Pompey encamped on the hills around Jerusalem, and though Herod was now king over the country, he was king only at the pleasure of

ment. So the list was made, the emperor did not care how it was made, and instead of forcing any distasteful foreign methods upon his subjects, he respected the peculiarities of every province and allowed each to make the census after its own custom.

Every Roman countryman went into his own city to be registered—that is, the city to which his birthplace was attached; but, by Jewish law, every one must be enrolled according to tribal or family relations, and so each returned to the "house of his fathers."





Adoration of the Kings
From a painting by C. C. Pfanne Schmidt

Joseph and Mary, belonging to the house of David, were obliged, then, to return for registration to Bethlehem, their common ancestral home. The capitation tax may have been levied on all alike, male and female, and thus made it impossible for Mary to remain behind at Nazareth, but other and deeper reasons, perhaps, led her to desire a new home, and of all places, a

home in Bethlehem. She could not have been ignorant of the prophecies and rabbinic teachings pointing to Bethlehem as the birthplace of the Messiah.

From Nazareth to Bethlehem was a slow and painful journey of eighty-five miles. Tradition is probably right in picturing Joseph, with leading-string and staff in hand, walking beside an ass on which Mary rides. They would

naturally choose the eastern route, both from a desire to avoid Samaria and because this way was the more traveled.

It led from Nazareth over the hills to the ford of the Jordan at Scythopolis, and, then following the eastern bank of the river along through Paraea, recrossed the Jordan at the fords near Jericho. Three days, at least, they must have been on the road and at this season of the year nothing could have been more cheerless than such slow traveling. The winter rains had set in, the fords were high, the roads were wet, and, though the grass was green and flowers could be seen here and there among the grey limestone rocks, still the whole landscape was as dreary as our own New England in the dark, wet days of November.

The winter sun had already gone down behind the peaks of Hebron as the two travelers wearily climbed the steep, ledgy road to the ancient town of Bethlehem. Here they were in the midst of all that, to them, was most hallowed and dear. In the deepening twilight they could see below them the very fields where Ruth gleaned behind the reapers of Boaz. Here, on the heights around them, David tended his father's sheep. Hither, over the road beneath their feet, came Samuel to anoint the youth king.

Wherever their eyes might fall were shrines of past power and glory that woke mingled feelings of pride and shame, of hope and despair, for here, a thousand years before, David was crowned King of Israel, while now, in dim outline against the dull evening sky, towering from the high head of *Jebel Fureidis* they could see the palace fortress of Herod.

Bethlehem was full of strange: s, who, like Joseph and Mary, had come to be enrolled. The inns were crowded, every available place occupied, and no better shelter to be had than a stable. This stable was not a part of the inn, or

khan, but was one of the numerous limestone caves of Bethlehem attached to a private house.

Over this cave now stands the Church of the Nativity, the oldest Christian church in the world. To this cave, as the birthplace of our Lord, the most ancient and trustworthy traditions point, and we have no reason whatever to doubt but that this is the very spot in which the world's greatest event took place.

Here, that night, the twenty-fifth of December, 749 A. U. C. in the soft gloom, Mary brought forth her first-born son; and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger.

On the hills, beyond the sleeping village, near *Migdal Eder*, or "Tower of the Flock," priest-shepherds were watching the flocks intended for Temple sacrifices. These sheep were pastured on the hills the year round, as they had to be in the fields thirty days before the passover, which occurred in February.

It was a clear and beautiful night, under the star-lit Syrian sky. The hills lay wrapped in shadows and the ancient pastures slept in silence, broken only by the bleating of the sheep or the far-off cry of a mountain wolf.

Suddenly, unannounced and unexpected, an angel stands before the shepherds; the glory of the Lord enwraps them, and terror overcomes them. But their fears dissolve in joy when the herald angel says, "Be not afraid: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you; ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

Then the heavens opened, the starry skies rolled back, and, from beyond the lifted curtains of the night swept down



The Road Leading from Jerusalem to Bethlehem

the angel hosts of heaven, singing:

Glory to God in the highest—
And upon earth peace—
Among men good pleasure!

Clearly, sweetly, the wondrous words fall on their ears; plainly, rapturously, the wondrous vision passes before their eyes; then, faintly fading, the sight and singing vanish, and the stars watch over all.

The shepherds, without waiting for the morning, leave their flocks and

make their way rapidly into Bethlehem. The long-delayed, the long-prayed-for announcement has come, and they must see the new King. By the feeble light of a hostelry lantern they find the cave, and here, according to the angels' words, is the babe wrapped in the swaddling clothes lying in the manger.

It was a night of exultant rejoicing on the hills of Hebron, and the shepherds spread the good news till all that heard it wondered at the "things which were spoken unto them."

(To be continued)



HIS TRENCHANT PEN

BY MARY E. CARDWILL

GODFREY WARNER closed the door of the office and ran down stairs whistling gaily until he reached the sidewalk, when he ceased his tune and gave vent to his exuberance of spirits by swinging his cane vigorously as he walked rapidly up the street.

Godfrey was a rising young journalist. For several years he had been connected, in various capacities, with the Waterville Express, and six months before this time had received the promotion his soul coveted, to the position of literary editor.

Waterville was a town of strong intellectual ambitions and literary inclinations, and abounded in literary clubs, which, each and all, made much of the young journalist. He had become also the lion of the most exclusive social circles. Naturally this appreciation pleased him and increased his self-esteem, and no doubt had something to do with the somewhat rapid growth of his literary reputation. However that may be, his reputation was certainly growing. Metropolitan newspapers now quite frequently quoted his opinions and commended their author. That very morning he had clipped a half dozen or more complimentary references to himself from as many journals, and had modestly appended them to the matter prepared for his Saturday page of book reviews and literary news. One phrase in particular, which he placed as conspicuously as possible, had tickled his palate and all day he had rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue—"his trenchant pen."

These three little words gave zest to his day's work—reviews of several books which, in one instance at least,

seemed to furnish unusual scope for his critical faculties. Moreover, he had accomplished more that day than he had ever done before in the same length of time. His stint for the week was disposed of, and he proposed to spend the following morning, the half holiday he had earned, in the country.

These combined causes accounted for his blithe mood. It so engrossed him that he scarcely saw anything or anybody in his walk, and as he turned a corner he started in surprise at the sound of a voice calling to him in most friendly tones, "Why, Warner, old fellow, how are you? You are the very man I am looking for."

"Herbert Brown, as I live," responded Godfrey, grasping the outstretched hand of his friend. "What are you doing here? I thought you were hundreds of miles away, in the South."

"I was called back suddenly a few days ago," replied Mr. Brown, a stalwart young man apparently a little older than Godfrey. "But come, let us take a turn in the park and I will tell you all about it."

The two young men crossed the street and entered the little park. They soon found seats in a retired spot, and Herbert began his story.

"You have heard of Miss Bertram of Arlington Heights, I presume. Perhaps you know her."

"Yes," answered Godfrey; "a bright girl, isn't she?"

"I think so," said Herbert, laconically, but with a gratified air. "It isn't strange that I do," he added, after a slight pause, "since I am engaged to her."

"Indeed," and Godfrey held out his

hand, "allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Herbert, soberly. "She is ill and that is why I returned. It is the reason also that I am here to see you. She is not strong," he continued, with what appeared irrelevance to his listener, "and is as sensitive as a flower to every adverse influence. Probably you are aware of her literary aspirations."

"I recall something to that effect," assented Godfrey, with an effort suppressing a smile as a witty remark by a sarcastic friend in reference to Miss Bertram inopportunely flashed upon his mind.

"She has recently written a book," resumed her betrothed, "and now her suspense in regard to its reception is proving too much for her. She is suffering from nervous prostration and her physician gives small hope for her recovery unless she can be aroused from her mental depression by some happy stimulus. She rallied when I came, but almost the first question she asked me was, 'Have you seen any review of my book?' She thinks and talks of nothing else.

"But to come to the point," he went on. "I sent you one of the books this morning, with a letter asking you to give it a notice in the Monday Times. I know it is too late for this week's Express, and next week's issue might be too late for her. I have come to forestall my letter you see with a personal interview. There is no telling the good a fair and kindly review from your pen may do her. It is a remarkable book; you cannot fail to admire it," he added, before Godfrey had time to reply.

"I will do the best I can for it," promised the latter, touched by his friend's story as well as pleased by the confidence shown in him.

The promise weighed on him, however, and early next morning he went, somewhat reluctantly it must be owned, to the office. He had forgotten the expected half-holiday. The review upon

which a life might hang absorbed all other thoughts. No sense of absurdity in the situation came to him. Yet if the matter had been a responsibility devolving upon some one else he would have laughed at the idea of any author being killed by an unfavorable review. Now nothing moved him but an exaggerated consciousness of the importance of what he might say, and a fear lest he would be compelled to be false either to himself or to his friend.

"That awful book! Why did she write it? Why does fate compel me to review it?"

The first thing that met his eye when he reached his desk was Herbert's letter and near it the book. He removed the wrapper, and to his amazement and alarm the volume seemed familiar to him. Opening it at the title-page he found it to be the victim against which he had yesterday wielded his "trenchant pen." What should he do? Might there not be some mistake? He bethought him of the author. The name was certainly not Bertram, but, as he now saw very clearly, Allison Wallace.

"That is a man's name," he said to himself, with a sigh of relief, turning for confirmation to the letter. It was very brief:

"Dear Godfrey:

I send with this a book written by one very dear to me, Allison Wallace Bertram, of Arlington Heights. Will you kindly give it a notice in Monday's Times? The author is seriously ill, and it is thought a word of praise from your pen may be life-giving to her.

Very truly yours,

Herbert Brown."

Godfrey's heart sank within him. The review of the day before could not be recalled, and in spite of his dilemma, he did not want it recalled. Then suddenly the thought dawned upon him that a book worth the criticism he had lavished on the one in question must have some merit. He began to remember that it had appealed to him as an

unusual book. His conscience lashed him as he recollected words of praise that had thrust themselves into his mind and had been put aside for the sake of his reputation as a caustic critic. He had desired to see flaws only and had played the contemptible role of a mere fault-finder. Humbled more than he had ever been before, he again examined the volume. He became interested anew in the story. The blemishes were there, but seemed fewer, and the originality and beauty, of which he had before caught glimpses, now forcibly presented themselves. By evening he had written and sent to the *Times* a notice that would have caused any new writer's heart to sing for joy. And he felt confident his judgment was more honored by it than by his previous criticism. If *Saturday's Express* would only fail to reach Miss Bertram!

A week, two weeks, a month passed, and Godfrey heard nothing from Herbert and the outcome of the reviews. Uncontrollable anxiety finally took possession of him. To allay it he boarded the train one Sunday morning and rode to Arlington Heights, a village forty or fifty miles away. He walked out to the Bertram homestead in the suburbs. It seemed deserted. His heart sank within him. A servant came to the door and in response to his inquiry said the family had gone South. "You know," she added, "Miss Bertram died

about a month ago from heart failure and——"

Godfrey did not stop to hear more, but turned hastily and in a semi-dazed condition of mind made his way back to the station and took the next train for home.

"That awful review!" he repeated again and again to himself. "I am a murderer."

The day following Godfrey received a letter in a black-bordered envelope addressed to him in Herbert's handwriting. When he had summoned sufficient courage to open it he read:

"My dear friend:

Pardon our delay in thanking you for your fine and appreciative notice in the *Times* of Allison's book. She denies that she is so weak as to be affected by such a thing, but I know your review gave her strength enough to meet the terrible shock of her invalid sister's death the next day. You probably heard of our marriage immediately after that sad event and of our coming here. Allison is improving rapidly in this genial clime, and an hour or two ago I ventured to show her your criticism in the *Express*. It piqued her a little at first, but soon she laughed heartily over it, saying how pleased Mr. Warner evidently was to find so many faults to attack with his trenchant pen.

With our cordial thanks and regards,

Very truly your friends,
Herbert and Allison Wallace Brown."





Condition of Armor Plate from the S.S. Indiana after the First Shot

THE NAVAL ORDNANCE PROVING GROUND

BY PHILIP ANDREWS, U. S. N.

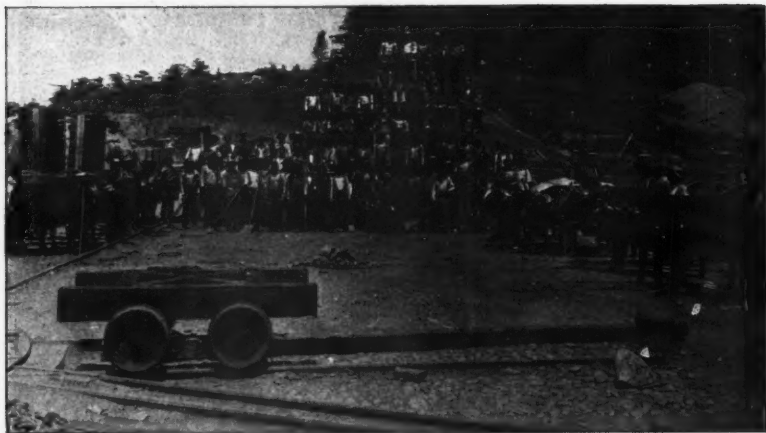
THE guns for our men-of-war, and the mounts on which they are installed after manufacture at the Washington Navy Yard, at the Naval Proving Ground at Indian Head, Maryland, and their strength and efficiency made certain before they are issued to the service.

Indian Head is about twenty-five miles below Washington, on the Potomac River, and consists of a government reservation of about 800 acres of land. It is right on the river, and, as its name indicates, a bluff overlooking it. About fifty acres of this tract furnish fodder for stock and vegetables for the colony.

The colony consists of four officers, usually, including a doctor, their fami-

lies, and about one hundred skilled workmen and laborers. Most of the men are negroes recruited from the near neighborhood, and are the ordinary Southern farm hand; some of them, however, have become quite skilled in the handling of guns and mounts. It is believed that they are the only collection of negroes who habitually move about at their business on the run. They learned this unusual habit when the proving ground was first started, and have never forgotten it. Even the oxen share this hustling spirit, and always move on the run.

It was the custom Saturday afternoons when no work was going on to gather the hands and oxen in a large field, and hold oxen races and foot races, which were intensely exciting and



The Negro Employees and Oxen

amusing, and which produced that celerity of movement so seldom seen in oxen and negroes. The interest of the oxen in the races was very apparent in breakneck speed across the field, their eagerness to start and their

Quarters for officers and men, and barns or stables for stock, give part of the Proving Ground the appearance of a huge farm, but when one walks down off the bluff into the little valley where the testing of armor, guns and projectiles takes place, the scene changes.

A wharf, built like a ferry-slip, makes a landing to which guns and mounts and armor plates are brought on a huge barge, towed down from the Washington Navy Yard. A crane takes the guns and heavy mounts, and moves on railroad tracks to any part of the valley, placing them where they are needed for test; the smaller guns and mounts are on flat cars from the time they leave the gun shops in Washington till they are placed in position for test at the Proving Ground.

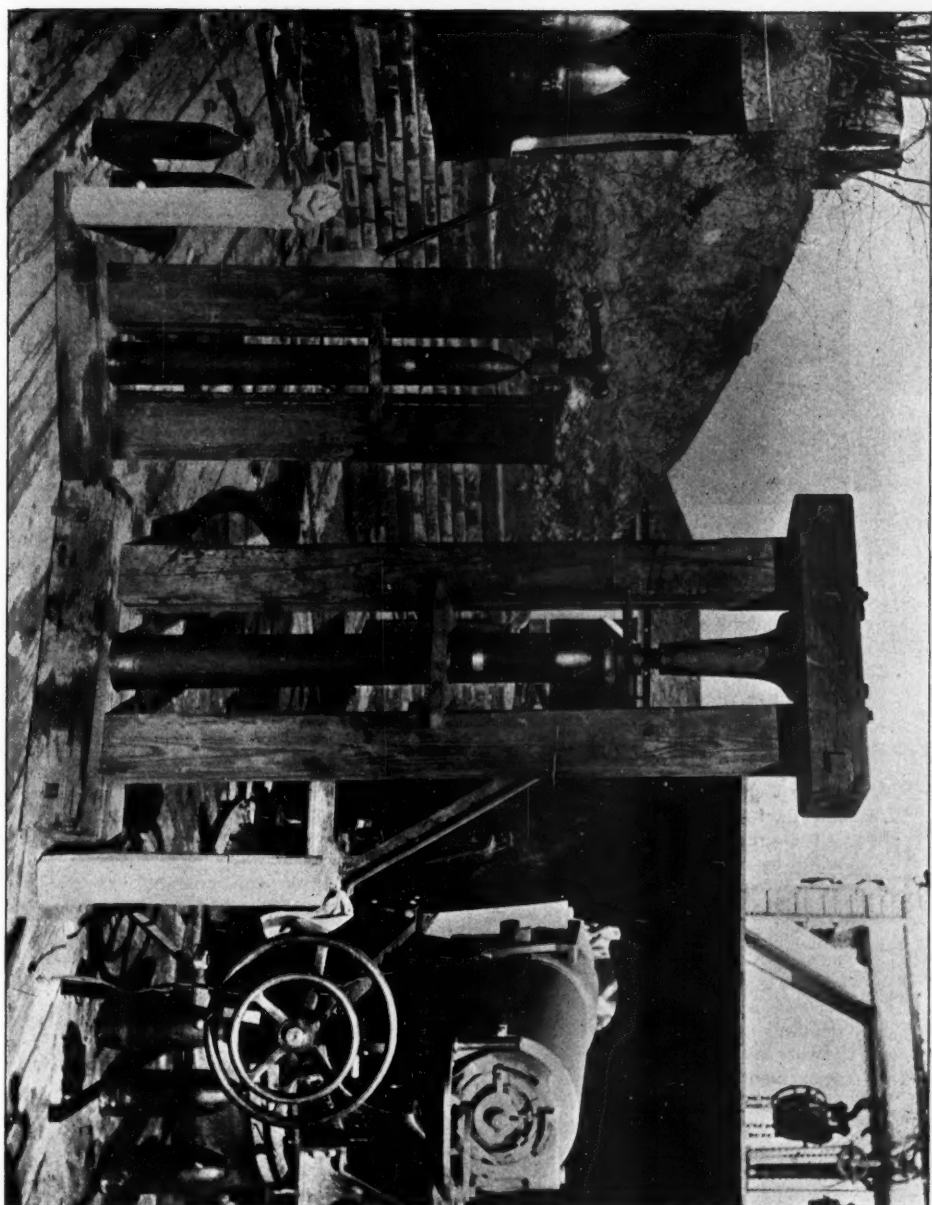
On each side of the valley are

platforms on which guns of any calibre may be mounted, and opposite each battery are firing butts or structures used in the tests of armor plates.



OLD UNCLE YUBE

The Oldest Employee at the Proving Ground



Making up 4-inch and 5-inch Cartridges — 5-inch Mount and Shield on Right



Powder Charges for Large Guns

A bomb proof, which insures safety for all who enter it, is conveniently at hand, and is much used. Farther up the valley, beyond the batteries, is a high explosive chamber in which the destructive effects of different shell are noted, or the force of different high explosives determined. People are inventing new explosives, and as each stands a chance of being better than the last, they must be tested.

The attitude toward inventions which might be useful is extremely liberal; in consequence, there are always a great variety of tests going on, no opportunity being lost to assist in the development of a useful engine of warfare.

Each gun and mount, before being issued to service, is tested by firing a number of rounds; and armor, shell and powder are likewise tested for their necessary qualities. The guns are fired at increasing pressures up to the limit, and carefully star-gauged or measured to the thousandth part of an inch, to see if any deformation has resulted.

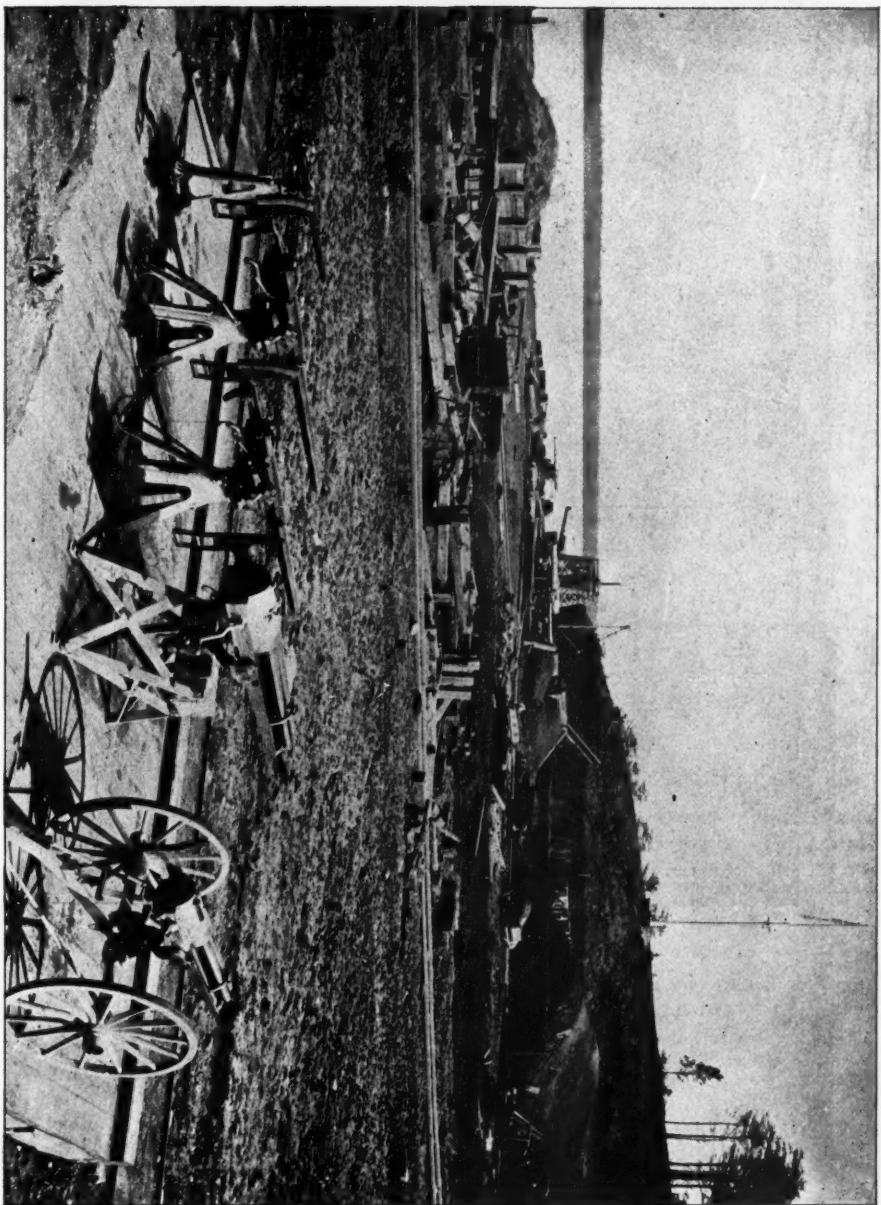
Advantage is taken of gun proof to test mounts, and powder and shell, at

the same time, when possible; and mounts are carefully examined for any signs of weakness or failure to come up to the highest standard of efficiency.

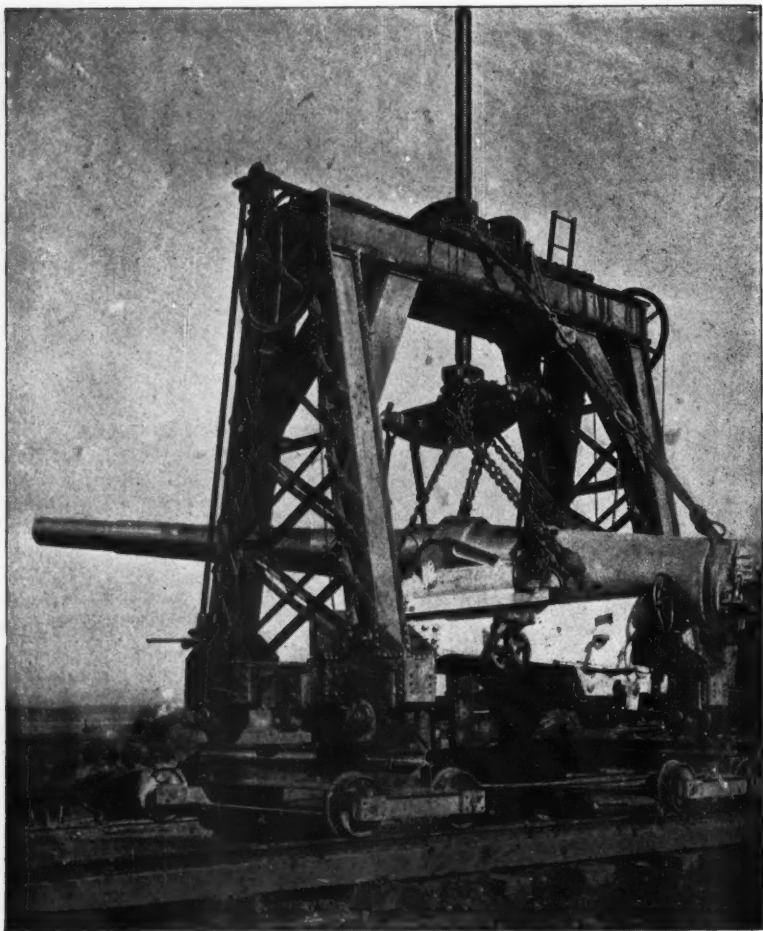
Different lots of powder, made at different times or by different manufacturers, vary considerably in the pressure and velocity they produce, so that a sample of each lot is sent to the Proving Ground to determine whether it fulfils the requirements for acceptance.

Pressure gauges, depending for their principle on the compression of copper discs, placed in the gun, give the pressure, while the muzzle velocity is computed back from that found at several wire screens through which the projectile passes.

The velocity is found there by delicate electric chronographs, and its amount, together with the pressure produced by this powder with the proper weight of charge for that particular gun, determines whether the lot of powder is to be accepted or rejected, and also the amount of that particular lot of powder to give the required muzzle velocity for that gun. •



The Naval Ordnance Proving Ground—A Hotchkiss Battery of Small Guns in the Foreground



An Immense Crane Lifting an 8-inch Gun and Mount

The powder still in use is the brown prismatic powder, put up in different shapes and weights for the different guns. While good results have been obtained with smokeless powder, it has not yet been such an unqualified success that any nation has been able to use it in the heavier guns.

The great object of all makers of weapons is to produce whatever will

fire accurately the greatest number of shots in a given time. To this end rapid-fire guns have been introduced. The term rapid-fire really means a combination of a breech mechanism which opens by a single movement of a lever, and such a disposition of the shell and the powder, in a brass case, as will secure the quickest loading. In our four-inch and five-inch guns, and all small



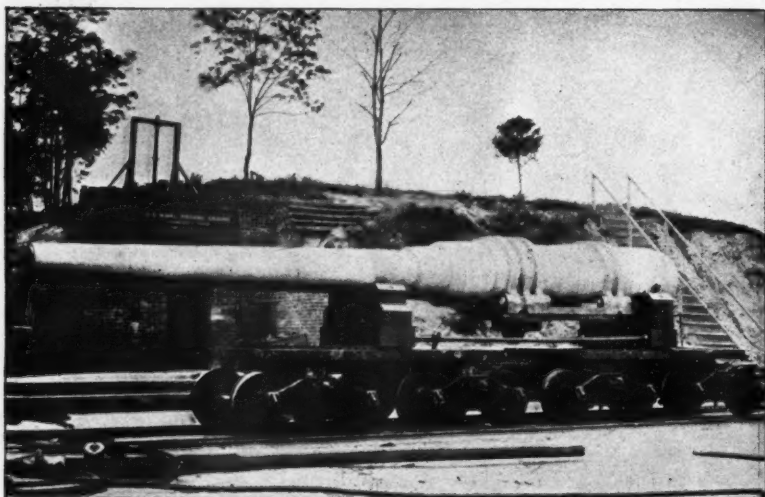
6-inch Gun Firing Smokeless Powder

secondary battery guns, the shell and the brass case containing the powder charge, are all in one piece, exactly like a rifle or pistol cartridge. The five-inch charge complete weighs close to 100 pounds, which is as much as can be easily handled, so that in our rapid-fire, six-inch we find the shell weighing 100 pounds, and the powder in its brass case separate.

All ordnance material used in the navy undergoes oft-repeated inspection at its place of manufacture, and a final test under severe conditions at the Proving Ground. Shell, for example, are measured in all details, the strength of the metal from which each is made found, and finally after each shell has passed for its size at all points, a sample number are taken at random from the lot and shipped to Indian Head for test. There, according



12-inch Armor Piercing Shells Recovered After Having been Fired Against a 17-inch Armor Plate



Method of Transporting 12-inch Guns on Railroad Trucks

to their size they are fired through armor plates and otherwise maltreated to see how they would acquit themselves in time of actual need. Armor-piercing shell, which are almost solid and of the hardest, finest steel, must penetrate an armor plate of thickness proportioned to their size; and now all common shell are made of forged steel, so that they will penetrate thin armor and then burst into destructive fragments.

Armor-piercing shell have been fired through an armor plate, recovered from the butt and fired again. Indeed, the success attained by American manufacturers in making these shell is little

short of marvellous, when it is considered that they entered on an unknown field about five years ago, when only foreign shell makers could furnish good armor-piercing shell.

In the same way that guns and other war material are tested at Indian Head, so torpedoes and their equipments are tested at the Newport Torpedo Station, and when the final ordnance outfit of guns and torpedoes are installed on board ship, and she is in commission, a board of commission takes the ship to sea, and all are tested under service conditions, to see that everything works as it is meant to work in its proper place.



WHICH WAS THE PRINCESS?

BY MINNIE MOFFAT

HE was Anglo-mad, and it seems almost unnecessary to mention the fact that he was very young.

His reading was all English, or American imitations, and they flattered his mania to that extent, mentally, he was English. When he talked he assumed the broad accent of the cockney, as the Anglo-maniac invariably and mistakenly does. He walked with an English trot, and, of course, dressed English and went on little English expeditions, some of which were gratifyingly successful, but most of them distressingly disastrous. He planned a tour of Europe, determined that the titled world should have the benefit of his existence.

He had an incumbrance he would willingly have left behind him; it was his name. Certainly there was no denying that Jeremiah Jones was unmistakably plebeian. The name had brought him a fortune; it had been the name of a dead uncle who had taken a father's place; it had been the name of his grandfather, and both grandfather and uncle had devoted a lifetime in accumulating the fortune he was benefiting by.

But this did not reconcile "Jerry" to it in the least. He would have given much to have been able to have stored it away in the safe of the warehouse, with other family effects, until his return to his native land. Once he thought seriously of applying for a legal change, but the thought of his indulgent dead uncle brought a revulsion of feeling, and he was appalled at his ingratitude. Soon after, another youth had the temerity to suggest this expedient and he thrashed him unmercifully and felt better for it afterwards.

His inheritance had only come to him a few months before, consequently he was in his twenty-first year. He had always been a conscientious boy, and there was every reason to suppose that he would die an honest man. But lately, it must be confessed, he had lost his head a bit. His uncle's sudden death occurring shortly before he reached his majority gave him liberty and fortune so unexpectedly it was little to be wondered that he was at a loss to know what to do first. Then he read "Van Blank," that boon to the uninitiated American boy with a fortune to spend.

A few days after he had embarked for Europe his ardor for a royal episode was greatly spent in the vicissitudes of *mal de mer*. And by the time he actually planted his feet in the dominion of Her Royal Highness Queen Victoria the spirit of '76 was as rampant in him as it had ever been in his revolutionary forefather. His stay was short in England. With all the intolerance of an American abroad, and there was never a nation more intolerant of other customs, he sneered at British institutions in a way that made many an honest Briton's hair bristle with indignation. Undoubtedly, it would have gone hard with the boy if he had not been so unquestionably youthful. To his credit the Briton is ever indulgent to the vagaries of youth.

He left England without getting so much as a peep at royalty. The people he concluded to be titled were more often than not, good middle-class Englishmen who had a mighty scorn of titles. Once he mistook a valet for a duke, and rode twenty miles with him, only to find at the end of the journey

that the man was but the valet of a duke! What a distinction the addition of one letter can make. But "r" in history has been a letter of gravest import. Many is the worthy whose head has suddenly left his shoulders without his consent for the vain desire of having it tacked to his Christian name. Jerry's next titled incognito proved to be a noted pickpocket, and it required his best credentials, and a good many others to save him from being imprisoned as "Shifty Dick's" pal. He gave up his title hunt in disgust, and embarked on a steamer for the continent.

The steamer was plunging through the channel. Jerry came up on deck, feeling queer and giddy. Miserably anticipating a return of his old enemy the *mal de mer*, he threw himself into a steamer chair in a sheltered corner. It was growing dark. He was just settling into an uneasy sleep when he was aroused by voices. He sat up and bent forward, and looked out of his nook. Two women had taken possession of neighboring chairs during his brief slumber. They were talking in low tones of distress. Jerry sat very quiet, not wishing to disturb them, or be disturbed.

He was dropping to sleep again. Suddenly he was awakened by a slight touch on his shoulder. It was one of the women. He sprang to his feet.

"I am sorry to disturb you," she said in a modulated, cultivated voice, "but I am compelled to do so. My companion has been taken very ill, and insists that I shall not leave her alone. She needs assistance at once, I fear. Will you see if there is a surgeon on board?"

He went below, and in a few moments returned with a doctor. Jerry aided the doctor in supporting the invalid to the salon. It was lighted. He saw that it was a tall, very beautiful young girl that was leaning so heavily against him. They conducted her to a

couch. She sank on the pillows limp and faint, and closed her eyes. Her regular features, white and set with the pallor of illness, looked more like Greek marble than a living human face. Her dress was black, simply made in the prevailing style, and perfectly modeled to her slender figure. Her companion was young also. She was rather plain than otherwise. She was short, and looked like a good-natured, comfortable girl. She was dressed in deep mourning.

After executing several trifling commissions, and further service being declined, he left the salon and threw himself on the first bench that offered.

He intended only to rest a bit, but he soon fell asleep. Less than an hour had passed when an officer of the boat awakened him. He came with a message from the young lady in the salon, begging him to come to her. He went to her immediately. The short young woman met him at the door. The other girl was still lying on the couch he had assisted her to with the doctor's help. Her eyes were closed, but from the nervous twitching of her body he could see that she was not asleep. The doctor was not with them.

"The doctor was called away," she said, apologetically, "and I must confess that I am afraid to be alone. —," she hesitated, "is so ill I have grown nervous. I am so unaccustomed to sickness that I would not know in the least what to do in case of an emergency. Is it asking too much of you to ask you to remain here until the doctor returns?"

Jerry hastened to assure her that it was not asking too much, that he was entirely at her command now. (If young people only did not have the habit of extravagant protestation how much easier it would be to write about them!) Jerry's curiosity was thoroughly aroused by this time, for he could not but notice that she studiously avoided mentioning her companion's

name. He was just telling himself that nothing short of a shipwreck should prevent his seeing the thing out when his attention was called to the sick girl, who rose suddenly from the couch and staggered to the door.

"I shall die if I stay in this close place any longer! I am stifled!"

She moaned, and tried to open the door. Remonstrance proving useless, they assisted her on deck. And indeed she seemed remarkably restored by the air after she had been in it a few moments. She curled herself into her steamer chair and petulantly refused to talk. In a short time they saw that she was asleep.

"She is homesick as well as seasick," explained the older girl. "Are you comfortable, Mr. —"

She paused for him to fill the blank. "J—Jones," answered Jerry, glad that the night covered his increase of color.

"Jones," she repeated with a little elevation of the voice there was no mistaking the meaning of.

"She thinks I am not giving my own name," he thought, and was vexed with her for the doubt.

He said nothing, however, and she knowing intuitively that something was wrong became silent.

"You are an American, I see," she said later, having nothing better to say.

"Jove! How did you guess that!" he exclaimed.

She laughed.

"That word 'guess' would inform me if nothing else did. But there are a great many things that stamp you an American. There is a certain twang—"

"You don't mean to say that I talk with a nasal—that I talk through my nose?" he demanded indignantly.

She laughed heartily at his heat.

"To a certain degree, yes," she answered coolly.

Jerry was too exasperated to continue the conversation. He jumped to his feet and walked away, but only for a

short distance. He returned, and sank into his chair again.

"I thought you had deserted us in our strait," she said demurely.

"Oh, no! I wouldn't do that, you know," he answered with a manly air of condescending protection.

"You were angry with me for saying what I did," she said self reproachfully. "Come, be frank; confess that you did not like it."

"No, I was not particularly angry with you. I am at odds with myself. I was thinking what asses Americans were to leave their own country and subject themselves to the ridicule of another."

"It was so good of you to assure me you were not angry just now."

She laughed significantly.

"You are English, I suppose," he said, to change the subject.

There was a sound of conviction in his voice.

"No, I am not," she answered promptly.

"What then—Irish?"

"No, no," she contradicted. "Neither am I Scotch: I am a Russian."

"Why, how well you speak English!" he exclaimed with admiration.

"We are a nation of linguists, you know, Mr. J—Jones."

"She no more believes my name is Jones than I believe it is Potts," he groaned mentally.

She became thoughtful.

"Will you think it very strange if I do not tell you who we are," she said suddenly, "if I should conclude it would be wiser if I did not—after all your kindness, too?"

She paused.

He hastened to declare himself subject to her wishes.

The sick girl was sleeping profoundly. Jerry suspected that the physician had administered an opiate.

The moon rose and he could see groups of people scattered over the

deck who, like themselves, had come up for air.

Moonlight certainly has a powerful influence over us poor mortals. Jerry looked at his companion, and fell under its subtle spell. She was looking out over the dark water, and to his surprise the plain girl of the cabin light looked positively beautiful here in the moonlight. It was a lofty, unexplainable beauty,—very unlike that of the sleeping girl.

"We ought never to come on this journey so unprotected," she said suddenly, as if following her thought aloud. "But it is absolutely necessary for—" she hesitated, "us to be in Paris to-morrow. There was no one we could very well ask to accompany us, and we were obliged to come without an escort."

"Have you ever traveled alone before?"

There was a shade of disapproval in Jerry's voice.

"Never, Monsieur," she answered with mock gravity.

Jerry was silent.

"You do not approve it, I see."

"Well, no; I do not."

There was an unmistakable drawl in Jerry's voice when he said that "well."

"A fellow wouldn't like his sister or wife doing it, you know."

Possessing neither sister nor wife, it was clearly not possible for Jerry to speak of the emotion such a departure might excite in a man from experience, he therefore drew on his imagination.

The girl was silent.

"After all, it is a matter of the custom of a country," he hastened to say, fearing he had offended her.

Dead silence.

"It is all right on this side of the ocean, no doubt," he said soothingly. "They think differently of such things over here."

"Why, you miserable boy, they do nothing of the sort! We are a great deal more particular than you Ameri-

cans about that sort of thing!" she cried indignantly.

"Boy!" he ejaculated; "I will bet my head I am older than you are!"

"How old are you?" she asked with curiosity. "twenty?"

"No; twenty-two my next birthday."

"When will that be?"

He hesitated.

"June," he answered briefly.

She laughed.

"And this is September."

"But that is not saying that I am not the eldest," he persisted.

"You are the eldest," she confessed.

"I knew it!" he cried triumphantly.

"I was twenty-one last July," she confirmed demurely.

"Only one month!" he exclaimed, deeply chagrined.

They chatted in the most amiable fashion after this. Jerry grew confidential and told her of himself, his prospects, his projects, and a great many other things, and never suspected he was doing it.

He asked her if she had read the "Princess Aline." She had; in one of the magazines. Didn't she think the hero was a good deal of a duffer not to speak to the princess when he had such golden opportunities? Couldn't say, not being a man. Would he have done differently? Wouldn't he! Would have spoken to her every time he had the chance. Fortunately all men were not alike! Then he lost his temper, and told her she was chaffing him. Of course she denied the allegation.

They were coming into port. The sick girl was awakened, and they assisted her below. Jerry proffered his services on land. They were declined. Friends were expected to meet them at the wharf.

Jerry bade them adieu, and hastened away to look after his own effects, promising himself, however, to see them again, and assure himself that they were not in need of his protection.

But when he looked for them he found that they had been among the first to leave the boat. When he stepped from the gangway a servant in livery broke through the chattering crowd, handed him a card, and hurried away. Jerry put it in his pocket, and —forgot it.

He resurrected it a night or two after in his hotel in Paris. He read it in the reading room.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated.

Two Frenchmen present looked at him in astonishment.

Jerry read the card again.

"And I didn't know it!" he exclaimed.

The Frenchmen rose from their chairs.

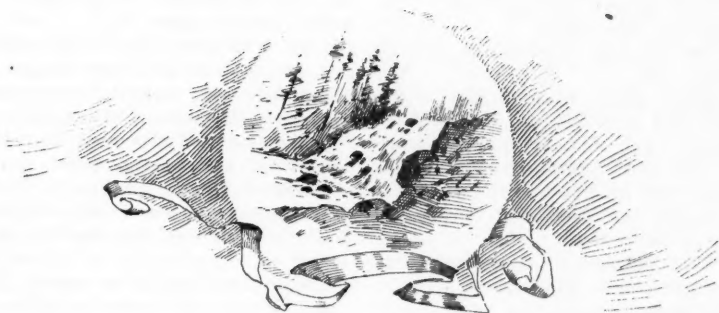
Jerry sprang to his feet.

The Frenchmen waited no longer, they left the room precipitately.

And Jerry, perfectly unconscious of anything but his astonishment, stood staring at the card.

It read:

"Little boy, go home; you have had your adventure with a princess. One of us is the Princess de E—. The other is her companion. Which of us is the princess? Many thanks for your kindness!"



A MONOCHROME

BY ELLA HICKS JOHNSON

OVER a handful of dying embers an old man crouched, and stretched his palsied hands above their feeble glow.

The night wind howled and raged about the crazy tenement. It whistled in through gaping crevices with icy mockery, and chilled the woful figure by the waning fire.

Pinched and wan, his wrinkled face looked out through scant gray locks, with faded bloodshot eyes.

Sin and want had aged him far beyond his threescore years, and warped his wasted form out of all semblance to the faultless physique that had once been his.

Ah, God! how the wind blew! How the sleet beat against the window! With its ghostly tapplings it seemed the fingers of other days.

The old man shivered and glanced about him.

Alone, alone, alone—always alone. Alienated from kindred, forgotten by friends, with scarce a fellow creature to bid him "good-morrow," he sat alone with his bitter memories.

Slowly the panorama of his life passed before him.

What had he not possessed—wealth, intellect, health and station. All the gifts the gods provide for favored sons of men. How had he used the talents given into his keeping?

With power to make himself a force for good or ill, he chose the evil part, and now his life lay far behind him, with naught of good in it save fitful good resolves.

A selfish childhood, an idle youth, a vicious manhood and a degraded age.

What wonder is it that memory burned and blistered as it touched his

brain, and showed him in the silent watches of the night how fair a thing he might have been, how vile a thing he was.

Gone, all gone—friends and fortune. health and mind.

Dreary days followed desolate nights, his feeble strength scarce serving him to gather, here and there, the where-withal to keep the failing spark of life a gleam within his shrunken frame.

Black lay the shadows on the past, black on the present, black on the future.

The sleet had ceased to fall, but oh! the fury of the wind, the cruel coldness of the night.

The old man roused himself. With trembling steps he sought his wretched bed and fell upon it in an agony of grief—remorse—regret.

Lost! lost! lost! Golden opportunities rudely cast aside and trampled under foot with reckless wantonness. And now—the anguish of despair.

Is there on God's fair earth a sadder thing than a man bereft of hope?

Ponder it well.

We make or mar our lives. "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

Silently Death and Time entered the cheerless room, but paused at sight of the prostrate figure shaken by convulsive sobs. Could they grant him yet a respite?

Time held up the glass. Alas, too late! The sands of life are almost run. From Nature's law there is no appeal.

Death placed his hand upon the poor, gray head and stilled the grievous weeping.

And the night wind moaned and wailed a requiem for a wasted life.

ONLY AN ARMY BABY

BY MRS. KATE TANNATT WOODS

"A little babe, and that was all,
Yet men came at the baby's call."

THE house was very still. The door-bell was muffled, and tan was spread up and down the street to deaden the noise of passing vehicles. Two barrels, at either end of this strange carpet, were spanned with long boards, and these mute objects made a special plea to every passer-by; even the newsboys respected them, and ceased their calls until far beyond the temporary barrier.

Yes, there was sickness within; and the new life just beginning had for days been of little moment, while another life trembled in the balance.

In an upper room, a grey-haired nurse moved softly about, with now and then an anxious glance toward the bed, where a round head, covered with a mass of rippling curls, rested upon a pillow scarcely whiter than the face above it. It was a youthful face one could see; and yet pain had already set its seal upon it. The patient's eyes were closed; indeed they opened but seldom now, and the nurse often bent over the bed listening intently for the respiration which was too feeble to be discerned at times, even by an experienced ear. Once or twice the nurse had resorted to a test, by holding a small hand-mirror before the patient's lips to learn if she were still breathing. The battle with death had been so fierce that effort on the part of the patient seemed impossible, and yet she was conscious of all that went on about her. The wisest attendant is frequently mistaken concerning the intellectual activity of one physically unable to speak; many a sufferer has experienced something akin to despair when the active

brain which contradicted a statement as to "unconsciousness" found no response in words from sheer lack of physical power. Many a patient reported to be "out of their head" has inwardly rebelled at the opinion, and yet felt powerless to prove the statement false. This superior mental strength, even in one case, should lead us to be wary about comments in the presence of those who are ill or who are passing from us into the unknown world.

Our finite minds cannot measure the infinite, or fathom the unseen. The slight and fragile patient had already suffered much from the heedless words of those about her; she was keenly alive to the gentlest whisper, spiritually responsive to every kind word, and yet, if they would only stop talking about her "narrow chance for life," of the "baby's terrible loss if she should be taken," of "the possibility of word reaching the dear ones far away," and of her "bad spells and great weakness." Only the healthiest nerves could stand the strain; only the bravest heart could fight the living, while battling with the grim messenger. This mental friction increased the danger, and yet the attendants were deeply anxious. It was their one desire to see that girlish form moving about once more with elastic step; and their earnest prayer that the young mother might yet clasp her baby to her heart.

Twice during the morning the nurse had gone out of the room, and in answer to questions said: "I really do not know; she is still in that stupor, and I cannot tell whether it means rest or something worse."

The patient was saying to that inner self, where words and an effort for them is unnecessary, "If they would not all talk and act as if there were no hope I could get on; I *must* get on. There is baby and baby's papa; if he were here he would understand; he would know every touch of my hand, and he could tell them. But, oh! I can't, I can't; try as I may, the bed seems to be slipping away. I am so tired, so very tired, and I cannot sleep. If *he* would come, *he* would understand." Over and over these words were uttered mentally, and the vitality so sorely needed was wasted in the process. Unseen, unspoken friction in the sick room is undoubtedly the cause of many a fever, if not of actual death.

While these thoughts were in the patient's mind the door of the room opened and the doctor came in. He was an elderly man, with a face as bright and cheerful as the morning without. His anxiety concerning the patient never crept into his smiling face. "Well," he said in clear tones, invigorating by reason of contrast with the funereal utterances of the attendants, "well, how is my brave young patient this morning, quite ready for a short drive?" A small hand moved upon the white covering of the bed, but fell down from sheer weakness. With ready tact the doctor saw the effort and ignored the failure. "Oho! so you want to shake hands? Well, that is good; I knew you would soon thank me for my care of that big boy of yours. Think of it, the rascal actually weighs twelve pounds—almost as big as his mother. The first day you are able to hold him I shall put him in your arms myself; we old fellows must have our share of the honors when our duties are so heavy."

The doctor observed a little movement about the lips, and well knew how great an effort speech would require. "I must not let you talk yet," he said;

"you see this neuralgia has kept you down a bit, and when you get a little stronger I am coming to give you a long, long sermon on bringing up boys. I don't know the least thing about it; but the people who tell how to do things seldom do. Why, little woman, you are much better this morning, eyes bright (too bright, he said mentally), pulse better, and good color—positively good color." The eyes half closed and an expression of sadness stole into the face. This, too, did not escape the doctor, who went on making a diagnosis while he talked.

"Do you know, I have a fancy that you have something on your mind, something you want to talk about, only I am such a tyrant you dare not. Let us have a code of signals; if I am right shut your eyes."

The young mother closed them at once.

"You want to know if I kept my word and telegraphed your husband?" The eyes said "yes."

"I did, and he answered 'Thank God, and be careful of her.' You think you can gain faster when he comes?"

Again the eyes said "yes."

"Well, child, you might; but I think it is well he is not here, for at times, you see, he would defy all my rules. And then I want to have a tableau all arranged when he comes—you in that pretty blue tea gown. It is blue, is it not?"

The eyes responded in the affirmative.

"You in that gown and the boy in your arms, just over there, near the portiere, and seated in your antique arm-chair. If he does not think he is the happiest man in the world I shall be ashamed of him."

There was the faintest tremor about the lips. The doctor had accomplished his purpose. The patient had been thinking busily and was troubled about her absent husband; the doctor must use another tonic, and little by little

he would see this young mother coming back to the world and her new responsibilities.

"You must not worry about letters, or anything," said the doctor, "for the storms in the West have been terrible—lines down, trains stopped, and havoc generally. Just the moment you can hear, the letter will come, or perhaps the papa himself. I know how it is. A business man thinks he can leave at a certain hour, but something turns up; then he names another day and plans for his train and is again defeated; so we will not think of what might be, and will get ready for my tableau. I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not coddling that boy in a few more days. Nourishment? Certainly, nurse, all she will take; and it will be your fault if I cannot take her driving before her husband comes. He would be sure to go too far; these strong young men never understand the delicate organism of plucky little women."

The doctor gave explicit directions to the nurse, patted the sleeping baby, and went out with a smile on his face. Just outside the door he paused to say, "Absolute prostration. Watch her well, and remember that she is conscious of all that is going on. This worry about her husband keeps her back."

"And the baby, doctor?" asked the nurse.

"Oh, that young giant is all right; feed him, and let him sleep. He will be able to shoulder a musket before other youngsters are done shaking their rattles."

All day the young mother lived on the doctor's words; she was too weak to think of any world save the small one of her own trinity—papa, baby and herself. It was all so strange, so sad, so marvelous; how solemn it was to be a mother. And if she should make mistakes about baby what could be done? The mistakes would go on and on forever. The very thought of it

made her cheeks burn and her heart flutter painfully. If she should die, why then Claude would have baby to comfort him. But perhaps she would do as the doctor said, sit over there with the boy in her arms when his papa came. She would like to raise her head to look at baby in his crib, but it was too heavy; it did not seem like her head, and it did nothing as she wished. When he came, the one dearest in all the world, he would take her head on his arm as he had done before, and it would rest her. She felt like a baby herself, and so weak, so very weak and tired. She took the nourishment the nurse brought, and like her own baby fell asleep. It was nature's climax; in her brief dreams she saw before her the picture which the doctor had given her, and gradually her mind rested as it had not done since the bitter sorrow and agony she had endured without the presence of her husband. That precious sleep was the beginning of better days. There was a little pleading of the large eyes when the doctor came, the same eager listening for the step on the stair, she still believed must come; the same hungry longing for a few words from the baby's papa about baby, but still she gained in strength.

It came at last—the written word; and when they asked her if they should read it to her, she shook her head and kept it beneath her pillow until strength came in response to praying and striving, and she could see the bold, clear lines. They gave her more light, as she wished, and thought how pitiful it was to see her so weak that other hands must open it for her, but no one watched her as she read. When the nurse came back from the baby's side she saw that her cheeks had paled, that her breathing was rapid, and yet no word escaped her. When the parents came, asking eagerly for the absent one, she gave the letter into their keeping and closed her eyes. She had waited

long weeks for his coming, and now it was ended. She had fought with death and conquered, now she must fight the battle of life for herself and boy. In her weak way she realized the other battle for principles which was now taking place in the world outside; the shot which was hurled at Fort Sumter had found an echo in her sick-room, but it seemed in her weakness a horror far away; now it had come to her like a shock of personal pain. They brought her letter back and said something of "the wrong step to leave one so young," something, too, of the needlessness of war; and then they kissed her and left her holding the letter in her hand. They did not know, they could not understand; even in her weakness she was proud of him; even in her pain, she said "He is quite right." Over and over she read the words while the household slept; over and over she said "I am proud of my patriot."

This was the letter which brought the news into the sick-room:

"My precious Darling:

"Forgive me before I begin. I tried to send you a message, but the storm prevented; I tried to write, but my heart failed me until I knew you were safe. It was cruel to disappoint you, but harder to rob myself. When we parted in the old home because they told me you could not stand this severe climate, it seemed to me that life without you was simply impossible. Business duties kept me from you, although I labored night and day to be free to join you before your illness. When the doctor's telegram came I was half crazed between joy and a mad desire to leave everything and fly to you. All I could say was 'Thank God!' Get well as fast as possible, for we have a busy life before us, and our boy to labor for.

"I have taken a very important step since I last wrote you, and my courage fails me as I try to write, lest you may not approve, but my inmost thought is

that you will do so, as soon as you consider the question as I have done. Do you remember the tall, gaunt lawyer, who took such a fancy to me in Illinois? Do you know what this land has done for him? Do you remember how we boys of the Lincoln Guards worked? Of course you do; and now, this same guant, plain, honest, and unselfish man, Abraham Lincoln, calls for men to put down the Rebellion. I walked my office floor for hours when the call came, and I asked myself over and over again where was my duty. I thought of you first, with a dear little helpless baby to care for, perhaps, and you so young and so unfitted to cope with the world, because you are so constituted that all evil seems impossible to you. I thought I was quite willing to give ten years out of my life to know what you would say about it, and yet I must decide alone. The morning was breaking when my decision was made. I believed that my country called me, and as a patriot my first duty was to my native land. As soon as I had resolved what to do I went out and began to raise a company, and you would be just a little proud of me could you have seen the men respond to my call. They were willing to follow if I would lead. Was I right or wrong? Can you forgive me for not coming first to you? I know some would oppose me, many of our relatives, perhaps, as so many are in the South, but I feel almost sure that my little wife will say 'Go, and God bless you.' We are to be ordered to Washington and may possibly meet soon. My command is now here in garrison, and I want you always to remember that our boy was born on the day when his papa, who had not yet seen him, was sworn into the service of the United States. Let us call him for some brave man, some true patriot, and when we meet, which please God will soon be, you shall bring him to me with your own dear hands and tell me the

name you have chosen. I fear it will be uncomfortable for you to face the opposition to my going, all alone; but be brave, little woman, as you have ever been, and when this war is over we will look back and thank our Father above for all his mercies. Some day you will say, my husband was a true patriot, he enlisted for the war, let it be long or short, and left behind him wife and child, lands, and business prospects, because he thought it a duty. As soon as we reach Washington you shall come to me, or I will come to you. Until then, dear love, be patient and pray for me, as I pray for you. The best news I can possibly hear will be that you and our 'little Major' are strong and well."

Yes, the opposition was strong and constant, and it was long weeks before the young wife once more felt the earth under her feet.

A healthy mind is ever looking up, not down; forward, not back; so it was that the days glided by with the care of the little one, with news from the front. with letters that were read until worn to shreds, and newspapers torn in parts, for readier reading; with scraping of lint and bandage making, with prayers, and hopes, and not a few hidden tears. Those were the days when women lived a life from sunrise to sunset, when men grew gray in their youth, when mothers heard the groans of the wounded in their dreams, and fathers went up and down the land seeking for their lost boys. The heroes at the front were sustained and cheered by the heroines at home. The old schoolmates and lovers were laid away in unmarked tombs, brave boys found patriots' graves before they had attained to manhood, and everywhere the mother-hearts were mourning for their slain. So the weeks wore on and the little Major grew in strength and beauty. He knew no other name; he was waiting for the father's blessing before his baptism, and the father had already been baptized

by smoke, and fire, and blood. It was weary waiting, but the brave heart works and waits. The summons came at last. The gallant regiment which had undergone fierce struggles without flinching was ordered to change its position, and with the speed of lightning this message came: "Come to Washington at once and bring the Major." Everything was in readiness; in less than ten hours the order to march was obeyed. The little Major, wrapped by loving hands until the chill outer air could not reach him, smiled serenely, and even slept, all unconscious of his march "to Washington."

It was a night of storm; great flakes of snow fell thick and fast, but the little mother and little Major were not dismayed. Delays everywhere—on the trains, at the ferry, and no chance for bed or sleep.

"A soldier's wife never complains." That proverb had been handed down from generation to generation, and the young mother repeated it, when, cold and faint, she found herself at midnight on a crowded train. What a long train it was, and full of soldiers—rough men, making rude jokes, but ever with respectful glances toward the mother and child. Bravado ruled the night; the German soldiers going to meet the foes of their adopted country, sighed neither for home nor friends. At Baltimore the snow flakes had changed to rain, copious, unstinted rain, made none the less bitter when word came, that owing to some mistake or accident, all must leave the train and walk across the city, there to take other cars.

The men used round German oaths, their officers asked the reason why, and the one woman with her baby trudged out bravely, bearing bags and bundles, while a stalwart German soldier was ordered to take the little Major. Down came the pelting rain, while the slimy mud made walking almost impossible; but hope was there to give strength,

and courage was the birthright of the little mother. At last the cars were reached, and a tall man wearing the uniform of a brigadier general said in loud tones and peculiar English. "Poys, ven you talks, keep some quiet, for dis lady, she hav coom to her husband, as like von brave lady, an schist you not make her trubbles." The little Major slept through all.

Washington at last—Washington, in the early morning, unkempt, and untidy with soldiers everywhere. No kind face greeted the travelers and the brief orders read, "Go direct to the National Hotel; will join you there as soon as duty will permit." A genial clerk, acting under special instructions, led the way to a large room where a cheerful fire was burning and a maid in cap and apron stood ready to do loyal service. A good bath, while baby slept, and then came a springing step, the clank of spurs, and months of thanksgiving in two words, "at last;" and baby, rosy, and smiling was thrust into the arms of his proud young papa.

Close the door gently; let the fire and the sunlight alone witness the happiness borne of sorrow, this joy, after mourning.

The "little Major" never knew that his fingers were measured, that his hair was tried in various lights to get the exact shade, that a tape line described his marvelous length, which was duly recorded in his papa's note-book, that he was kissed, and hugged, and kissed again, until he rebelled and seized the intruder by the beard; and he never knew that in one short hour duty called away the dear one whose coming had been anticipated for weary months. Into a quiet, home-like nest the little Major went, sharing his mother's loving care, with the sick and wounded soldiers in their hospital, not far away. Little by little the child grew to know them all—those who could walk about, or sit in the sun upon the porch, and

the horrors of war were softened by his gentle presence. The soldiers were his adoring friends. When he rode they followed; when he was in the arms of his nurse they claimed him for their own; and more than one homesick father hugged him for the sake of his blue-eyed darling he might never see again. Sometimes a poor, pale soldier, just staggering out into God's sweet air after weeks of suffering, would walk up and down behind the child's carriage, like one on guard. "Bring him nearer, nurse, nearer," said one old man whose crutches were not yet fully trusted; "the little Major is better than quinine, for his eyes are like one I laid away, and his skin is like a ripe peach."

On sunny days the low steps before the house became a throne, where the child held court and seemed to know every individual face and voice. Here the crippled and convalescent brought him toys, or sang little ballads, which made his eyes sparkle and his cheeks glow, although no word had any meaning for him, save the music which was part of his life, and the charm of his blue-coated friends. As he grew older a tiny musket was his pet toy, and the music of the passing regiments his lullaby. Drums and bugles were part of his existence, and the first word his lips framed was, "march." Every blue-coat was greeted with it, and every officer came to know the clear bugle-like call of the little Major, as he waved his flag to them in passing and shouted "March, march, march." It was curious to note how soon he caught the trick of a military salute, and how gracefully the arm was curved.

When music was heard approaching he cried aloud in glee and would not rest until he could see the passing troops. Once, when a tall gallant officer, strange, and yet kindred through duty and danger, rode by at the head of his men, something in the baby's face touched him, or perchance the baby call

seemed like a benediction. I know not; but, with a quick movement he brought his horse near the child, sprang from his saddle, caught him in his arms, kissed him, and returned him to the nurse, while he rode away amid the cheers of his followers, waving his hat to the little man, who joined the men in shouting, "Hurrah."

Sunday was the Major's carnival; then, the soldiers who could get out went to church and were sure to see the child upon the porch, or in his carriage, waiting for them. If it chanced to rain, they looked for him at a certain window. In his imperious baby way, he conquered them all; and whatever he chose to ask for, was given him.

When the hot days of summer came, when the air was heavy with the groans of the sick and wounded martyrs, when the hospitals, despite all care, sent forth a sickening odor from open doors and windows, duty called the mother away, and tender good-byes were said. "He will soon forget us," said the soldiers; but they little knew the depth of that warm baby heart, and the elasticity of a child's memory. He never forgot.

When the men who had carried him in their arms over the first pontoon bridge ever thrown across the Potomac came to say good-bye and called him their "dear little Commodore," he seemed to feel that his joyous days with them were ended, for he patted their cheeks as never before, and repeated again and again their own "good-bye." When two young generals called to give him a last caress, the boy said vaguely, "Way off, good-bye, a big good-bye." He uttered the words like one who had known their saddest meaning, and was not content until he had seen all who had been kind to him. For two days he was saying his farewells. To the men whose children were thousands of miles away; to the boy, whose right arm would never more beat taps; to old Sandy, the ser-

geant, whose halting step told of an eternal rest ere long; to the gallant young captain who would never see home and mother again; to the grim commander, who smiled on the lad as no one had ever seen him smile before; to the doctors, who gave him sugar pills and a "God bless you, lad-die;" to the nurses and stewards, who had found odd moments in which to refresh themselves with his childish pranks; to the boats, and the river, the white tents, and the sentinels; good-bye, good-bye to all. Blessings followed his sunny head and choking voices murmured the prayers unspoken to mortal ears but recorded by the watchful, waiting angels who divine man's best and noblest thought.

Northward and still northward went the little Major, until the western winds touched his broad brow, and the voices of new friends greeted him. As the days went by he grew taller and more loquacious. He was constantly talking of his army friends, of "Sandy," and "Tom" and the "Gen'l." His own peculiar names for each were household words, and in his dreams the old familiar order to "march" was often heard.

He was never as buoyant as in the old days at the front; a sadness crept into his face, and sometimes the overburdened heart would cry out for those he had left behind. Every day, with sticks or toy musket over his shoulder, he would march up and down the garden paths or on the broad piazzas, issuing the orders so dear to him. Every day he listened for the music he so sadly missed, and every night the flag the "boys" had given him was pressed close to his heart while he slept. His whole being seemed filled with the loftiest patriotism, and he longed for the notes of the morning bugle.

How much he missed the martial music and the activity of military life we learned one day when up from the

distant fort came the old familiar strains of "Glory Hallelujah." There had been an Indian raid, and some change was being planned in the disposition of the mere handful of troops on our frontier; a company was ordered to report at once for duty, and in marching to their posts they must pass the home of the little Major. The child was frantic with joy as soon as the fife and drum were heard. He seized his flag, ran out into the street, and there, amid smiles and tears, stood to welcome his friends, not strangers to him, for they wore the beloved uniform. Some one recognized the straight figure and called a halt; the fame of the "little Major" had gone before him and cheer on cheer went up.

He flew like a lithe spirit among them, shaking hands and accepting the kisses showered upon him, although for months he had refused to let any stranger caress him. His excitement reached its height when the servants brought out some hot coffee for the tired men, as they rested under the trees, while the officers went within, to accept the hospitality so gladly offered by one whose entire family, even to remotest cousins, were fighting for the Union. The child, with his own small hands, took their cups, or presented them with the biscuit which had been brought from New England for his own refreshment.

Not once since he had left the scene of strife, and the busy life of overcrowded Washington, had the boy shown so much delight. He was with his own—his "boys," his people; and his cheeks glowed and his blue eyes danced with pleasure.

The order came to march. One by one the men fell into line and kept their eyes upon the child. A few words from the officer in charge, too modestly uttered to reach our ears, resulted in deafening cheers which filled the air and rang over the waters of the Mississippi.

The Major, with a quickness peculiar to him, threw his small arms about a tree upon the lawn, and reaching its low branches waved the flag he loved until the last man had disappeared. He came back to us then, and threw himself upon the floor, sobbing aloud. His homesick heart must have its way.

The summer is gone at last, and autumn is once more upon us. Still white tents are the shelter of our dearest ones, or the sky their only roof; still the land echoes with the cry of "war, war," until we dare not breathe lest new disaster should come to us. Victory for the country means individual sorrow and loss. Already several dear ones have been buried in patriots' graves; already desolation is written on hundreds of lives, vacant chairs are found in all our homes.

One day, in the chill November, which winter sends as his courier to tell us that he is near at hand, there came a letter to the little Major. It was misspelled, blotted, and untidy; it was written on the battlefield, when "Sandy" knew that life was ebbing away for him. "Dear little man," he wrote, "we all missed you; any of us would have lost a day's rations for a sight of your bonnie face, but it was not to be. When you grow up, do your best to keep the country from forgetting those we left behind, and never forget poor old Sandy Gregg."

Another letter came also, from the brave papa. "It is strange how every one loves that boy, with his dear, bright, happy face. Last night, when the remnant of our staff rallied after the fiercest battle we have yet had, one of the boys gave as a toast with his muddy coffee, 'The 'little Major;' may he live to command an army, and we be there to see.' I could not echo their cheers, for I am sick of this horrible butchery, and pray every day that this cruel war may soon end; but no one could withstand the enthusiasm which the boys expressed for our dar-

ling. They actually forgot fatigue and hardships talking of him; and those who had never seen him were delighted to get a peep at the poor photograph which Colonel Harley carries in his breast pocket; he insists that it is his 'mascot,' and no bullet can strike him while he holds it there next his heart. As soon as it can be arranged you must return to Washington, or some point in Virginia, where I can see you now and then. If our officers and men are so fond of the 'Major,' what must they think of his proud papa who thinks of you both constantly, and prays for you day and night?"

Oh, mysterious fate, that crushes us with even love!

The letters find their way into a large room, where no sunlight can dispel the gloom. The little Major is lying upon a broad couch, struggling for breath. Kind friends are there—the skilled physician, the priestly godfather, who has traveled in hot haste to see the dear child so lately consecrated in his arms; the tender mothers of other boys, the saddened fathers, who mourn for the other father so far away.

Everything that love and sympathy can do is done; but the Major is slowly growing weaker. "There is no hope," they say, and the hearts of more than one seemed turned to stone. The child alone is calm; he smiles and tries to thank his attendants for every kindness. Message after message is sent flying over the wires to that drear, uncertain, and unknown locality called "the front." The army is moving; no word comes back.

Alone, at the end, as at the beginning of this dear life, sits the girlish mother. No tear, no moan escapes her, and every moment is precious. Every movement of the boy is understood by her, every breath is pain to her. Again her agony, now intensified by the rich experiences of motherhood, leaves her only strength to cry as before, "If he

would only come." The poor human heart turns to its human helpers, but none can comfort, none protect, save the loving Father of all.

Slowly the sweet pure life fades out, and the anxious watchers grow ill with dread, but stand like faithful sentinels at their post. Suddenly a bugle note is heard; some new movement of troops to protect the harassed settlers thirty miles away, men and women and babies, tortured by cruel Indians. Some of these hunted souls are even now taking needed rest and shelter in the next room, while the Major struggles on. The sound of a bugle reaches his ears; he rallies, raises his dear head with an almost superhuman effort, and smiles, as his lips move to utter the familiar "march, march." The head with its golden crown falls upon the breast where it has so often been pillowed, and the little Major has passed from the visible pain to the invisible glory.

All the bitterness of that bitter word "alone" is left for the young mother. With ministering friends, so gracious that gratitude is too small a word to compass their loving deeds, the sorrowing one is still alone. For months no word comes back from the seat of war, letters go astray, telegrams miscarry, and the hungry-hearted mourner goes about tearless and heartbroken.

After weary days and sleepless nights there comes a fluttering, tear-stained note telling of the sad tidings and where they were at last received. Long, long before the note came, under the trees which nod their heads in sunlight and storm as they overlook the great father of waters, the boy had been laid to rest. His work was done. Brief and beautiful as his life had been, hundreds mourned when it went out; he had come to earth amid the tramp of martial step and the sound of inspiring music and he went from us with the sound of the bugle he loved in his ears. From first to last he was an army baby,

and he wrought out his mission on earth.

Strong men mourned for him as they mourn for heroes; and many a mother in her lonely home wept for the one who was desolate.

In the coming years, when the webs of fancy have been thrust aside and

truth stands revealed concerning the great civil conflict in our land, we shall learn how much we owe to the mothers of America, and how much to the unknown little children, who played well their part.

"No truth was ever yet believed,
That had not struggled long."



THE SECRET OF HINDOO JUGGLERY

BY A. EDWIN ROOD

Conductor and interpreter for the famous Hindoo fakirs (jugglers), recently seen in this country

THOSE who visited the little Hindoo bungalow at the eastern end of the Midway Plaisance during the recent World's Fair at Chicago saw, much to their amazement, an exhibition of some of the famous tricks performed by native jugglers. It is with great pleasure that, as an American, I can tender on this occasion some authentic information on the subject of "India's Occultism," together with an *expose* of most of the tricks performed by a race of people who have for centuries mystified the world, and who are even today considered by many supernatural. I am the more able to do this by reason of my long sojourn in the Orient and because of my painstaking and exhaustive study of the lives, habits and superstitions of the much-talked-of Sons of the East. The information and insight which follows may, in every case, be regarded to that degree trustworthy as would only be possible to acquire by years of patient and intimate associations with a none too communicative people.

The so-called Hindoo juggler of India is a Mohammedan of extremely low caste, and is rarely found among the Hindoos, but this race of people has been called Hindoo jugglers by Europeans for so many years that the public have been led to consider them Hindoos. The race consists of perhaps five thousand people who have followed this weird life for centuries, and the tricks I describe have been handed down from father to son for thousands of years—in fact, there is no

record of their origin. The caste is called the snake charmer and juggler caste, and are in my mind similar to the Hebrews in their living and habits, as they seem to take care of each other and do not intermarry with other castes unless they wish to be disowned by their people. So far in their history there has been no such occurrence, as they have a dread that to incur the enmity of the race would mean death. They travel from town to town on foot, giving their exhibitions as the opportunities present themselves, their earnings hardly averaging more than two or three cents per day all the year round. As a religion their profession is not considered, but their superstitions are so strong that if certain ceremonies are not performed over the articles used in their exhibitions they feel that an evil will smite them. During my three years as conductor and interpreter for these mystery workers I was obliged to help fight more imaginary "shytens," or devils, than any Don Quixote of old. Among this caste to snore means that the old gentleman below is near, so my reader can readily imagine my being obliged to go at all hours of the night to make peace for one of the band who may have given vent to a stray snore during his seance with Morpheus. Another superstition that I think originated during the World's Fair was that a failure to drink a certain amount of "American whiskey" before retiring was a sure sign of poor exhibitions on the morrow, which superstition, I may add, was usually found to be true, although too much of



Hindoos Performing the Turban Trick

the article named proved, strange to say, to have the same effect. I would venture to assert that most of the Orientals who visited the Fair returned to their native shores with more or less of a good idea of their new-born superstition, though a Mohammedan's religion prohibits the drinking of liquor.

I will endeavor to explain the manifestations performed by these beings who have created so much comment

from the people of two hemispheres.

As snake charmers they are nothing amazing, for they merely catch snakes in the jungles and exhibit them. However, the catching and removing the fangs of the deadly Cobra-de-Capello, the most poisonous snake in the world, is in itself well worth recording and may perhaps prove interesting. Their mode of securing this reptile involves the aid of a cool head and a thorough

knowledge of his habits. When out for a cobra-catch, two or three snake-charmers arm themselves with sticks, enter the jungles and at the sight of a cobra (they are plentiful in India)

holds it writhing in the air, another of the party breaks out its fangs with a stone or some other blunt instrument, after which operation the deadly cobra is forever rendered harmless and can



Suspending of Heavy Weight by the Eyes

quickly pinion it to the ground, holding it here while one of the party slips his hand along the body of the snake until it is directly back of the jaws. Then the reptile is released from under the sticks, and while one of the charmers

be handled by a child, even though it may make a few ineffectual attempts to bite.

It is as jugglers, however, that these dusky natives show their dexterity to the best advantage. The manipulating



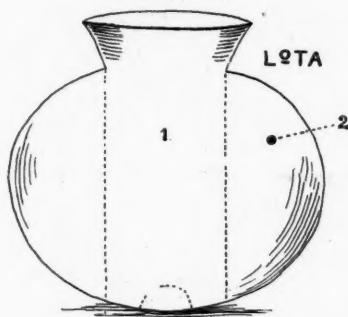
The Vanishing Ball Trick

of coins, cups and balls is always clever palming, but I fully believe that these men are the most wonderful palmsters in the world. The reason their palming is not detected is that their hands are formed unlike any other human beings'. At the base of the thumb there is a rising which will hold any article (from a pea to an egg) in the palm without contracting a muscle, so that when the back of their hand is turned towards you it is impossible to detect anything out of the ordinary.

Their first trick, and one which al-

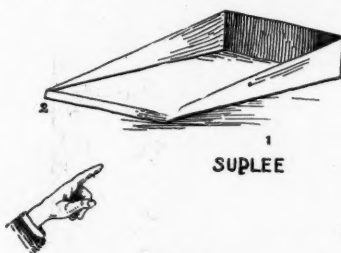
ways causes much wonderment, is the turban trick, a long piece of cloth or turban being apparently cut and burned up and then restored intact. This is a clever deception, yet easily explained. The cloth is a long strip, the juggler first cutting several small pieces from one end, after which he proceeds to cut it into two or three or four parts, but in reality only removing a small portion from the end at each cut of the knife, although to accomplish this he gives the turban a twist which places the end in the desired position to be removed.

As the small pieces are cut off they are secured by a knot, which gives the turban the appearance of being cut into three or four distinct parts. Some ask,



Drawing 2

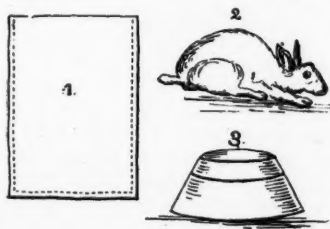
what becomes of the pieces? They are rolled up into a ball, palmed and finally dropped into the juggler's bag at a



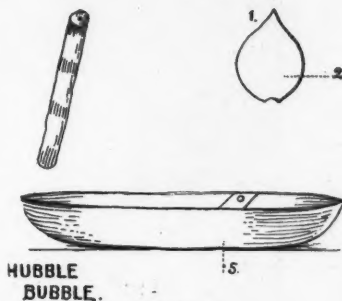
Drawing 3

moment when the spectators' attention is attracted elsewhere.

A great many people were much perplexed at the "Lota" trick (Drawing

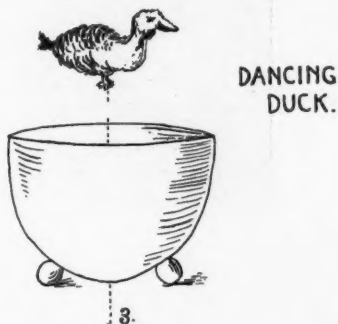


Drawing 4



Drawing 5

2) in which a small metal vessel seems to contain an endless amount of water. This is caused by a partition around the inside centre of the "lota" (1) which has a small hole at the bottom to allow the water to pass through, so that when the vessel is upside down the water remains around the side. The juggler then blows in a small hole drilled in the side (2) which causes a fountain-like flow from the mouth of the vessel.



Drawing 6

Simple as is the device of this little vessel, when illustrated, yet to the uninitiated observer the sight of a steady stream of water flowing from a vase that a second ago was turned bottom-side up and proved empty, is always amazing.

Then there is the popcorn trick.



Hindooes Performing the Famous Basket Mystery. Fig. 1. Disappearance of Man from Net

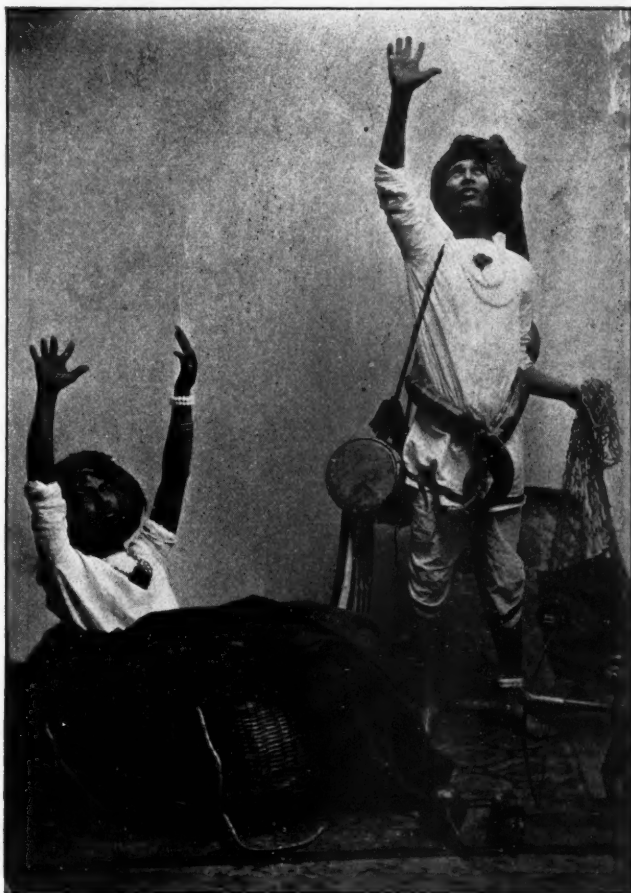
(Drawing 3.) I have seen hundreds of people sitting within four feet of the jugglers and yet being unable to discover how the performance was accomplished, a fact which certainly goes to show that the jugglers are masters of their art. To do the popcorn trick two assistants hold an ordinary sheet at the four ends, and into this sheet the juggler places some dried raw corn, after which he places in the sheet the "suplee" (1). After a few incanta-

tions on the part of the juggler he grasps the suplee and appears to pop corn right before you, but owing to the fact that the suplee has a double bottom (2), where some nice popped corn had been placed a few minutes before, it is hard for one to believe that he is aided by a supernatural power in the case.

It will also be remembered how they produced the rabbits from a small empty basket. This is also a good specimen of the snake-charmer's quick-

ness. (Drawing 4.) Two live rabbits are placed in a small cloth bag (1), loosely tied therein and placed on the ground or table near the juggler who is

for a moment, he removes the basket with his left hand with the cloth still over it, and while calling the attention to the fact that the "Rahmsamee" is



The Famous Basket Mystery. Fig. 2. The Accomplice Sitting in the Basket to Show that it is Empty

performing the trick. The small basket (3) is then placed before the juggler, who places upon the basket his "Rahmsamee," or god, and spreads a small cloth over both. After an incantation

still there, deftly picks up the bag containing the rabbits with the hand which holds the basket, bringing them around in front of him, quickly removes the rabbits from the bag, places under



The Famous Basket Mystery. Fig. 3. The Sword Thrust to Prove that no one is in the Basket

the basket, throws aside the cloth in which is concealed the bag, lifts the basket, and astonishes his audience.

I am well aware that from this crude explanation the trick itself may seem bald enough, but one has only to witness the marvelous degree of dexterity displayed by the operators to be completely nonplussed.

I will next explain that perplexing manifestation, the "hubble bubble" or boat trick. This is not exactly a trick, but a very good though old example of the natural action of air and water.

(Drawingn 5.) In this figure I show an ordinary cocoanut hollowed out from a small aperture at the eye end and having a very small hole, about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter and about two inches from the aperture mentioned. (Fig. 2.) Figure 3 represents a chair rung about two inches in circumference and eight inches long, with a hole one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter drilled lengthwise through the center. Figure 4 is a small boat eighteen inches long, about five inches in width, and about two inches deep,

with a small hole bored through the side near the bottom (5). A small seat bar is at one end, in which is drilled a hole large enough to allow the chair rung to fit tightly. The cocoanut is then filled with water, it being necessary for a finger to be kept over the hole in the side. Insert one end of the rung tightly, fill the boat full of water and gently place the rung with cocoanut attached into the seat aperture. At intervals of a few seconds the action of the water and the air will throw a stream from the small hole in the side of the cocoanut into the boat. It appears to flow and stop at the will of the juggler, but in reality he times his commands to the intervals.

The "Dancing Duck" (Drawing 6) is considered very amusing and defies detection. Figure 1 shows a half cocoanut

supported by three stones. This is filled with water by the juggler, and when full, a small duck (2) appears on the surface of the water, and at the request of the juggler the duck will bow and dance to the beating of the small "tom-tom" by the juggler a short distance from the cocoanut. But a horse-hair fastened with wax to the breast of the duck and passing down through a pin-hole in the bottom of the cocoanut (3) convinces me that the duck had no idea of working without some one's friendly aid, which was rendered by the juggler, who deftly grasped the end of the horse-hair with the hand that holds the "tom-tom." The beating of the instrument produces the hilarious movements of the duck.

The most clever display of their ability I have reserved for the last. It is the famous "basket mystery."

This trick consists in putting a man into a net, in which he is tightly tied and then laid across the top of a basket, about three feet long, eighteen inches wide and two feet deep. A sheet is then placed over all, and within ten seconds the net is thrown out from underneath the sheet, in which is enclosed the turban of the juggler, who has apparently disappeared from the basket. A moment later the cover of the basket is removed by the conjuror who is performing the trick, and who, after arranging the sheet loosely over the basket, stamps on it and sits down in it. After this he gets up, places the lid on the basket, binds it tightly with ropes, and then with a sharp stick or sword pierces the basket viciously on



Drawing 7

all sides, through a small hole in the center of the top.

This always convinces the spectators that the basket is empty, and greatly puzzles them, for previous inspection has satisfied all that no trap door or secret passages are used.

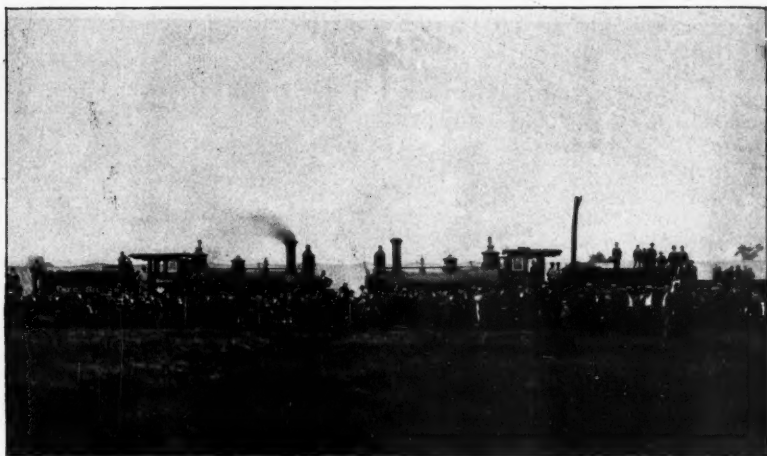
When the man is placed in the net he immediately loosens the cord which runs from top to bottom, and when it is loosened it allows him to get out through the side, leaving his headgear in the net. He laces this together again with the cord attached, so that it may be examined after it is thrown out, leaving no trace of his escape from the net.

Then, while the cover is being removed, the juggler in the basket curls

himself around the edge, with his feet folded closely backward against his body (7), which allows ample room for the assistant to stand and sit in the basket. During the sword thrusts he lies with his knees drawn tightly against his chest, changing position so as to allow the sword or stick to strike the

four sides of the basket. After this ordeal of dodging swords or sticks, and after the mysterious incantations by the chief juggler, the basket seems to take life and rolls about, and after the cover is removed the occupant is pulled out, none the worse for his experience.





The Engines Ready to Take Positions for the Combat

RAILWAY COLLISIONS TO ORDER

BY CLARENCE METTERS

PROGRESSIVE Americans are in the habit of ordering everything conceivable and many things inconceivable, with the firm belief that their orders will be obeyed, and that with a speed which is the source of wonder to all foreigners. But when a person talks about ordering a railway collision and having that seemingly unattainable desire fulfilled, thinking people will admit that progress in America is indeed a wonder even to the most enlightened. With railway collisions to order it seems that the climax has been reached in the expression of a wish and its subsequent fulfilment.

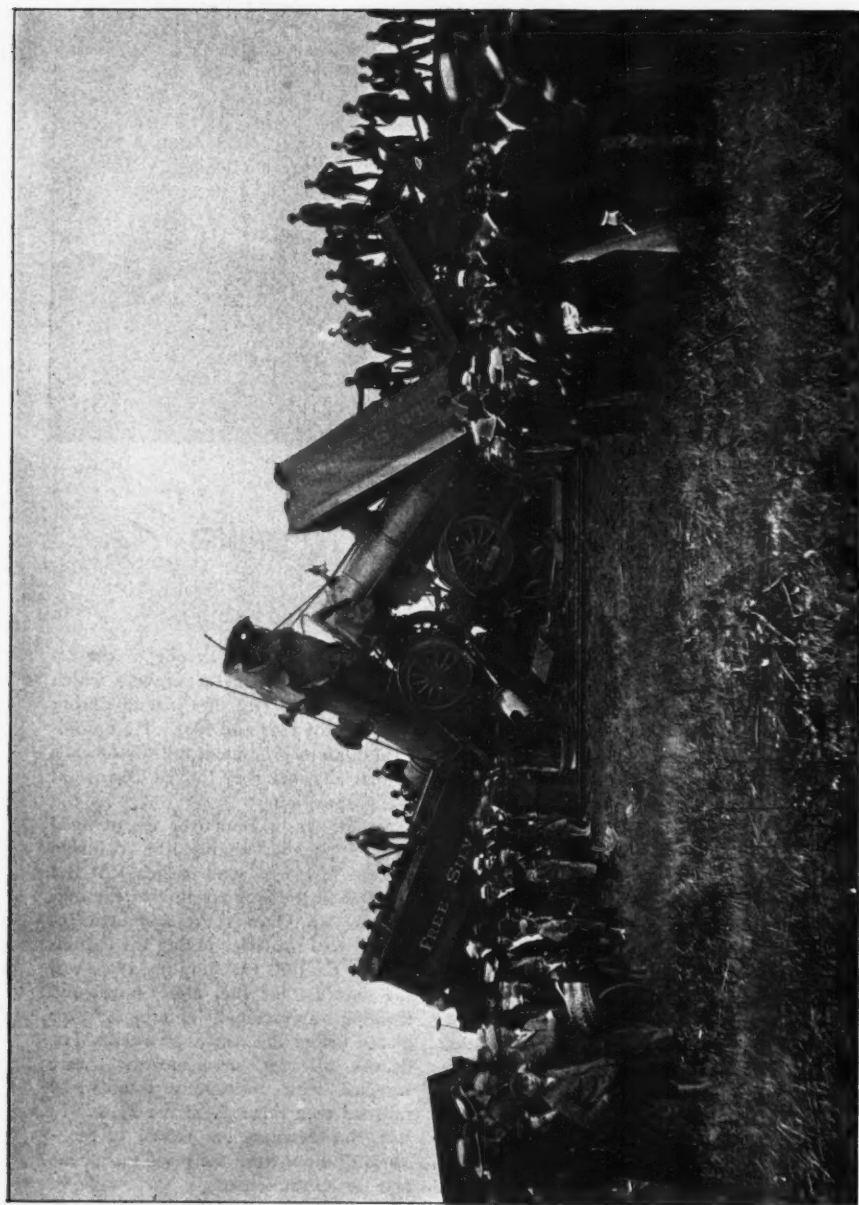
It is possible that the craze for this exciting amusement will grow until foreign countries will take up the collision idea, and then we may look for international contests between locomotives representing rival principalities.

The idea of giving a railway collision to order originated with Mr. A. L. Streeter in 1892, it being his intention

to have this feature as one of the attractions for the great crowds which flocked to the city of Chicago during the years of 1892 and 1893. He unfolded his plan to prominent railway officials of that city, but they looked askance at the proposition.

Mr. Streeter was not to be discouraged and so he kept talking the collision scheme to his railroad friends. At last he secured the co-operation of the officials of an Ohio road, and arrangements were made for giving the exhibition in Canton, O. July 20, 1895, was the date set for the most novel and thrilling amusement enterprise ever placed before the American public. The details of the arrangements were watched with consuming interest by railroad men throughout the State. In fact, the collision was talked of thousands of miles from the place set for the first test of the scheme.

Two monster engines were purchased, one christened "Protection" and the



Result of the Collision

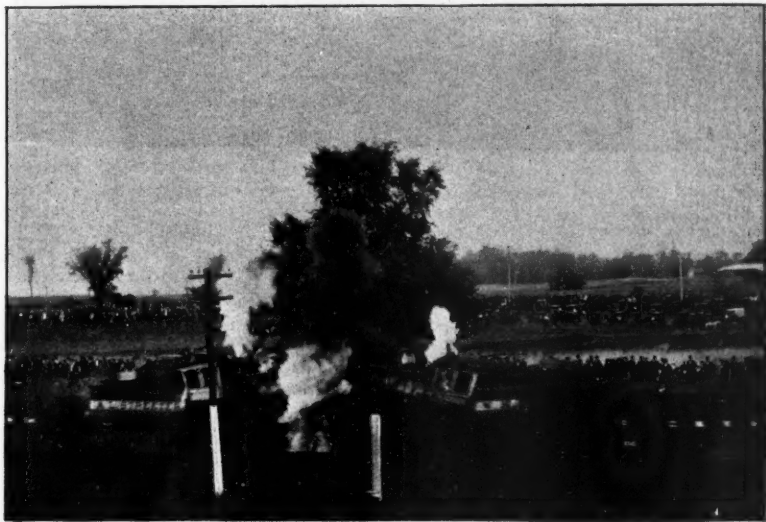
other "Free Trade," both being liberally decorated with the national colors. They were to come together within an enclosure, and 25,000 people were present to witness the novel sight. Owing to the fact that sufficient police protection was not given the managers, the people persisted in crowding in upon people persisted in crowding at the point at which the engines were to meet. Mr. Streeter did not care to take any chances of injuring a single spectator, and much to the regret of those present the collision was declared off.

General Passenger Agent W. H. Fisher of the Columbus, Hocking & Toledo Railroad, decided to try the collision scheme for attracting a large crowd to Buckeye Park, the beautiful spot owned by the company, twenty-five miles southeast of Columbus, O. Memorial day, 1896, was the date selected, and in honor of the occasion excursions were run to the park from all parts of the State. The crowd was estimated at 20,000, and had it not been

for the heavy rain which fell up to the time for the collision, the crowd might have been more than doubled.

Mr. Streeter had personal supervision of the exhibition, and every detail was arranged with care. One of the engines was called "W. H. Fisher," in honor of the general passenger agent of the road, and the other was christened "A. L. Streeter," out of compliment to the man who originated the collision idea. The two engines, each followed by three coal cars and a caboose, were started together, a mile and a half apart. To add to the realism of the collision, dummy engineers were placed in the cabs of the fated engines, and after the throttles had been opened wide by the engineers who started the respective engines, those gentlemen swung out of the cabs and from safety points on the ground watched the race of the engines towards each other.

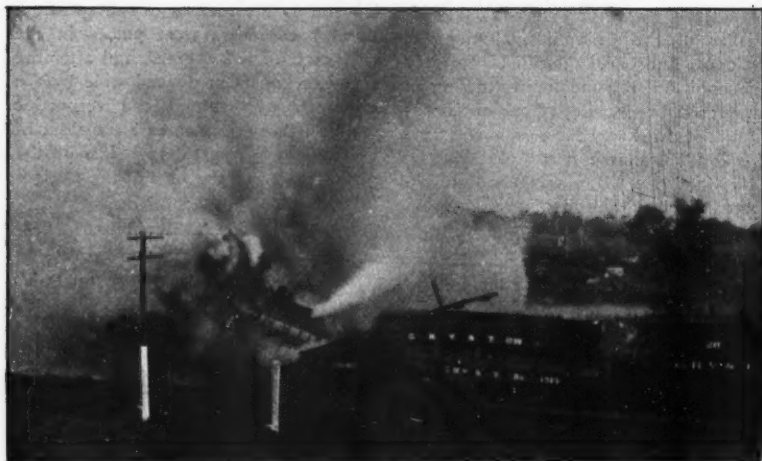
Twenty-five thousand pairs of eyes were riveted upon one engine or the other as they rushed together, and so



View of the First Made to Order Railway Collision. The Moment the Locomotives Struck

critical was the moment that scarcely a word was spoken. On and on sped the two iron monsters at the rate of over 40 miles an hour, and when the crash came it was terrific, both trains being practically destroyed. One thrilling feature of the collision was the presence of the dummies. They were dressed in the regulation enginemen's garb, and more than one woman covered her eyes, dreading to see the monsters come together, feeling that the trainmen had failed to get off in time, and that they

Hocking Valley road. The collision and incidents connected therewith furnished the theme of many discussions among all who witnessed the thrilling event, or even read of it. So great was the interest that a large party of New York newspaper men made the trip to Buckeye Park, for the purpose of witnessing the initial test of the new amusement scheme, and some of the leading photographers of the country, including the eidoscope managers, were on the ground and secured photographs of the



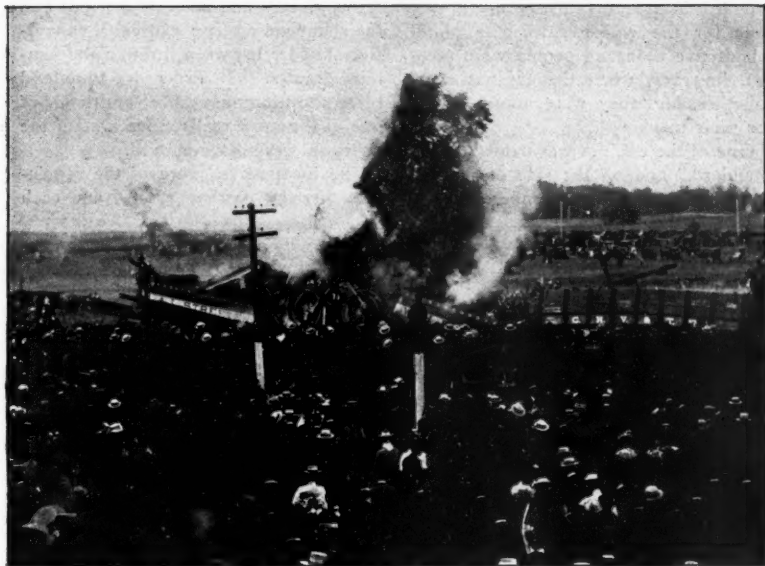
One Second After the Crash

were being carried to a certain and swift destruction.

From a wreck standpoint the Buckeye Park collision was an unqualified success. Unfortunately, however, one man was hurt by a flying missile from the wreck. He, however, was a railroad man and was assisting in the management of the affair. He neglected to keep back of the safety line, and as a result he received a very painful injury. He was hurried to Columbus on a special train, and was given such skillful medical attention that his life was saved and he is now back on duty for the

wreck. The photographs here shown of the engines the instant that they came together is one of the best taken. At this collision the engines came together in one minute and nineteen seconds after they had been put in motion from a dead start, and so nicely had the speed of the engines been figured that they struck within ninety feet of the point arranged.

The reports of the Hocking collision spread rapidly all over the country, and soon Mr. Streeter received propositions from other railroad managers for a similar exhibition. The next was



Two Minutes After the Wreck

given at Chicago on July 4 following, on the line of the Chicago & Northern Pacific. Twenty-eight thousand people crowded into the exhibition grounds near Ringland Avenue and Sixteenth Street, and had it not been for the inclement weather there would have been about 75,000 persons present. The engines each made a run of four thousand feet and came together twenty-five feet from the point arranged.

The story of the former collision in Chicago had spread all over that city and the surrounding country, and every indication pointed to an assemblage, on July 18, of about 100,000 to witness the exhibition at Pullman, on the line of the Illinois Central. The rain fell in torrents all that day, but so intent were the people upon seeing the collision that it is estimated that fully 18,000 persons applied in the rain for tickets, and showed their disappointment when told

that the collision had been postponed until one week later.

The next combat of the iron monsters took place August 26 at the old capital of Indiana, Coryden. But the top notch in successful collisions was reached at Columbus, O., on the 3d of September. The spot selected was on the line of the Columbus, Sandusky & Hocking, just east of the city limits, and arrangements were made for the accommodation of over 100,000 people. A piece of level ground half a mile in extent along the track, and a quarter of a mile deep, was staked off and surrounded by a fourteen foot wall of canvas, the sides of circus tents being used for the purpose of surrounding the exhibition.

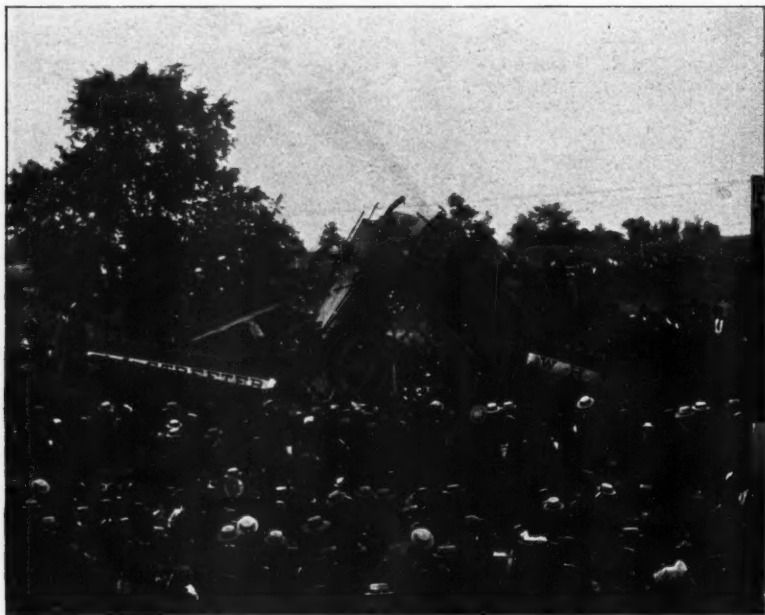
A grand stand, seating 10,000, was erected and all arrangements made for handling an immense crowd. But Jupiter Pluvius seems to have a grudge against Mr. Streeter, and the rain de-

scended in torrents nearly up to the time for the collision to take place. About five thousand people were present, however, when the engines came together, and they were amply repaid for their trouble.

One of the engines was named "Gold Standard," and on the side of the cab and on the end of the tender was the

the engineers had failed to get out and their impending fate caused a convulsive shudder to sweep through the feminine frames. In order not to offend these the dummies were omitted, but one of the most realistic features of the collision was thus removed.

The locomotives were of the regulation fifty-ton passenger type, and each



Condition of the Locomotive Five Minutes Later

name of McKinley. In the cab windows there were excellent likenesses of the apostle of protection. The opposing iron monster was christened "Free Silver," and was labeled "Bryan," pictures of the "Boy orator of the Platte" being in the cab windows. The plan of having dummy engineers in the cabs was abandoned, owing to the excitement they would cause among certain of the timid spectators. It was found that women as a rule felt certain that

headed a train of three gondolas and a caboose. The engines were in very good condition, having recently been taken off the road. They were started towards each other at a distance of 3700 feet from the point set for the collision, and when they struck they were going at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. The few seconds during which the engines were within the enclosure and headed towards each other at lightning speed were moments of suspense and

anxiety to every person present. Old-time railroad men, who had been through wrecks and were noted for their bravery in trying times, were completely unnerved by the thrilling sight, and in reality held their breath waiting for the crash. They and the thousands of others did not have long to wait, however. The crash was terrific, and the destruction of the two engines complete. The cars were telescoped and wrecked, but neither of the cabooses was damaged in the least.

Debris from the wrecked engines and cars was hurled many feet from the point of the collision, but the crowd had been kept back of the safety lines and not a person was injured. As soon as the engines met there was a moment of hesitation on the part of the vast assemblage and then all classes of men, women and children rushed to the scene of the wreck. The relic hunters were soon mounted on the engines and the cars, two boys took great delight

in ringing the engine bells, which, strange to say, were not stripped from the engine by the force of the collision. All manner of relics were carried away, from the steam whistles to small splinters of wood, to serve as mementoes of the event.

In speaking of the cost of these exhibitions, Mr. Streeter said that they ranged from \$5500 to \$9000, the average in the large cities being about \$7500. He has quite a large amount of paraphernalia, including tents, walls, seats and the like, which he carries from place to place, where the collision exhibitions are given. Since the ready-made collisions have proven successful in amassing crowds, and are free from all danger if proper care is exercised in the management, they have increased in popularity. Mr. Streeter is receiving almost daily propositions to give an exhibition collision, the inquiries being from every part of the United States.





STYLISH WINTER FURS

DESPITE the fact that every summer witnesses something new in the way of dress, whether it be of cut or of material, yet the return of each winter never fails to find the use of furs as much in vogue as ever. Fur, as a regular winter accessory, is the one thing that survives, while all other materials must be content to have their day and then cease to be. The woman who can count among her wardrobe possessions a goodly store of skins and furs is never in danger of wanting the wherewithal to be in style. The mink or the seal garment of last season, if out of true with the more recent modish dictums, is readily susceptible to any change for this season. One were a poor improviser indeed, who, with a variety of the previous winter's skins at their command, could not by alteration keep in touch with the times. It is for this reason that a really good seal-skin coat has always been regarded as a safer investment than any to be found

at the stock exchange; it is good for at least ten seasons. Some persons, it would seem, have been known to make it last a lifetime, but we cannot regard such persons as critically correct. Alterations from year to year seemingly only add to its charm; "age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety." The various subterfuges resorted to in order to produce in the garment an eternal youth are as manifold in number as they are generally successful in results. And when all else is lost, and the day of its utility as a whole is over, one has still the alternative of cutting the fur up for trimmings. And so on, *ad infinitum*.

The changes that it is decreed must be made in the fur garments of this season are not fortunately as radical as heretofore. Concerning the cut of the garment proper there is indeed little to be noticed in the way of a difference. It is the sleeves that bid fair to suffer most. The pendulum has at last begun to swing the other way and



Design 1. Sacque of English Seal

is now swinging fast. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the wife of a year ago, who coaxingly persuaded her "hubby" to so far forget himself as to expend a hundred odd dollars on the enlargement of her seal-skin sleeves, is not at present over-buoyant with the prospect of broaching a similar request directed to an exactly opposite end.

The body piece of the garment itself, however, is, with but little variation, cut along the same lines as last season. In seals there is still the short jacket and the three-quarter coat, cut a trifle loose in the front and snug in the back, both having the possibility of revers and a wide flaring collar. The very darkest sealskin remains as usual the most popular fur for coats and wraps, although the time is fast approaching when the demand will far exceed the supply. The United States census of 1874 estimates the number of seals at

4,700,000 animals; in 1890 the quantity was placed at 900,000; while last year, in 1895, the number was given at only 172,000. At this rate of extermination a seal garment will be almost priceless in the near future.

But, as above stated, it is the seal that still retains prestige and preference over all furs. Very often the seal garment is trimmed with a contrasting fur, but wise women in buying a new coat elect that it shall be untrimmed the first year or so, in order that it may be freshened the following seasons by a decoration. For mourning wear a dark seal, used in conjunction with crepe, is beyond question a proper material, although there are many who still consider the black Persian lamb to be the only correct wear.

The sacque shown in illustration 1 is a style that has much to commend it, and one which will undoubtedly be considered the most fashionable. It is an Alaska seal, London dyed, made from whole skins, and reaches down to a point just below the hips. It is fitted in at the back to the waist and then flares out in umbrella fashion, while the front is single breasted with fly effect. The collar is a broad flaring one, standing high up on the shoulders, and the sleeves are shaped in accordance with the latest decrees. This sacque is lined throughout with a rich brocade. The muff belonging to the garment is decidedly larger than heretofore, and can with propriety be suspended from the neck either by a slight gold chain or a wide ribbon. The fullness at the bottom of the garment permits an easy adjustment and hang of the skirt beneath on the hips. Women who know how to take care of their furs strongly advise wearing under the fur coat a silk bodice, a plain one that cannot be injured in any way by the weight of the fur garment, and which does not injure the lining, by cutting it with elaborate trimmings, as perhaps the bodice of the skirt itself would. Of course, this



Designs 2, 3 and 4. Capes of English Seal and Astrachan, Lined with Brocades. Number 4 is more Properly a Collarette

Designs in this article furnished by Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston.



Design 5. Fancy Collarettes of Fur

is cut after no one fixed design. It may in length be anything from a scrap of a collarette to a wrap that falls a trifle below the waist line. Further

than this it should in no case hang, else bodice can only be worn when it is not intended to remove one's outer wrap.

The fur cape of the present season one in their appearance becomes strongly suggestive of the old Irish woman with the serve-for-everything shawl on. In every instance considerable fullness is allowed for the shoulders, giving the broad effect which most wearers so eagerly covet. Capes made entirely of fur or of some rich material trimmed with fur after this style are invariably pretty for evening wear, being easily thrown on without damage to any bodice, however elaborate in its creation it may be.

The capes shown in illustrations 2, 3 and 4, are of the finest quality English seal, all of them lined with brocades of the richest designs. Figure 4 is, however, more properly a collarette, with measurements of twelve by eighty-six inches. It makes, beyond dispute, one of the most stylish garments for early fall and late spring service, with the additional merit of being entirely in vogue with a coat for winter wear. Illustrations 3 and 4 are of the same quality seal, the former measuring 16 by 100, the latter 20 by 120 inches. They

are in every sense practical and stylish and are made up either plain or combination yoke and edge of contrasting furs. The cheaper imitations are, of course, made out of electric seal and plush.

The designs given in the next illustration (5) display a variety of fancy collarettes. They are made of every cut and material imaginable. Seal, mink, sable, black, silver, blue and red fox, gray krimmer, astrachan, Persian lamb and even skunk are all pressed into service indiscriminately. Concerning the latter it is always best to remember, for the sake of one's nasal perceptibilities, that it must never be worn in damp weather. Unless the skin is cured with the utmost care this disagreeable odor is likely at best to remain with the fur at all times.

And now a word about fur as a trimming. It is in this capacity that it finds its greatest utility, and in the majority of cases its greatest effectiveness and beauty. The use of fur upon a gown, wrap or coat invariably gives to it an air of luxury. The full, soft effect of a fur decoration is always becoming, and tends to make the complexion look clearer and whiter as well as to give an artistic air to the costume. It is not surprising, therefore, that great painters in the past, and in the present, are prone to portray beautiful women robed in rich velvets and brocades, with collars and trimmings of fur. It is because they understand fully the artistic and setting-off qualities of this material. Titian's idea of a rich gown—one which he designed for his wife—was a semi-loose crimson velvet elaborately trimmed with sable, and having the waist-line defined by girdle of gold set with precious stones. Today such luxury is almost unknown, but the appreciation of the value of fur for such purposes still remains.

The fur coat, the coat lined and trimmed with fur, or the coat simply decorated with fur, each has its special



Design 6. Seal Plush Jacket, Ripple Back and Flaring Collar. Design 7. Liserine Plush Sacque, Waterproof Quality

use and each is chosen according to the style of the wearer and the climate in

which it will be worn. The fancy of late years for golden brown has made Russian and Hudson Bay sable of even greater value than ever. The latter will be the fur most worn, as the real sable is worth considerably more than its weight in gold and consequently is within the reach of the few rather than the many. Mink, that very effective brown fur, is also liked, and some fine harmonies in brown shadings are achieved by the joining together of the mink tails to form collars, muffs, or flat band decorations.

Cloth and brocade coats are very extensively trimmed and lined with fur, or if they are not to be worn in a very cold climate, the fur lining is omitted and the decorations are only suggestion of fur. But when one says decorations in regard to a coat it is generally meant that they include the muff, perhaps the cuffs and collar, and also a little fur on the hat or bonnet. Very often long revers start from the waist-line, where they are quite narrow, and extend until they flare out broadly on the sleeves, achieving the effect of the Empire revers. Meeting as they do, just in the center, where the closing is invisibly performed by hooks, it seems as if the entire corsage part was of fur. Somewhat simpler coats are of plain black brocade with Russian collars of sealskin, Persian lamb, fox, mink, or astrachan.

In the way of trimmings it is the golden-brown furs, as might be expected, that are given the vogue again this season, mink and its many imitators being especially fancied. This fur is one that cuts desirably into pipings, allowing sufficient skin to be

sewed by, and yet the line of fur, though narrow, looks full and produces the desired effect.

There are no hard and fast rules governing the mode of decorating. On coats, deep collars that curve in and stand up high on the shoulders are



Design 10. Double-breasted Kersey Jacket

generally liked, and if no fur trimming is put upon them, then the deep cuffs are the proper finish. Quite often, however, a piping will outline the jacket, and then several rows of the fur in



Designs 8 and 9. Seal Plush Capes, Trimmed with Thibet Edging

pipings will decorate the sleeves. On silk or brocade coats the collar is usually of fur with a lace frill over it, while a lace jabot extends to the waist, and pipings of fur and frills of lace are on the cuffs. On gowns fur trimming is very simply applied; sometimes it is about the skirt in one broad band; again, narrow bands of it will be arranged with spaces between, or if an elaborate effect is desired, these spaces will be overlaid with passementerie of gold, silver, beads or silk. On cloth the contrast of lace and fur is seldom seen, and the fur itself, after trimming the skirt, is usually arranged in collar and cuffs, with perhaps an outlining to the coat.

The long, fur-lined, fur-trimmed wrap permits little ingenuity in the arrangement of the fur upon it. That it is the inner lining, that it is about the throat, down each side of the front, and where there are sleeves, constitutes the cuffs, describes the only disposition possible on the long garments. Of course, they are most artistic looking, and by the choice of a becoming fur are made to give the wearer an air of magnificence. On the short coats fur is very generally used, and many odd and unique arrangements are possible. One of the smartest is an Eton jacket. The regulation, close-fitting shape is enveloped in some rich smooth cloth of kersey or other material, having a high shawl collar of black fox and flaring revers that come far down on the corsage at each side. These, of course, tend to make the shoulders look broader and the waist smaller.

In the train of all of the above described garments there follows, very naturally in this inventive and subterfuge age, a host of imitations. Some are really clever, and, to the person of limited means, in every way practical, while there are others that are too cheap to be worthy of consideration.

In illustration 6 is shown a fine quality seal plush jacket that is lined throughout with satin rhadame. A fly-front, flaring storm collar, ripple back and correct sleeves complete its description. Design 7 is a Liserine plush sacque, of the best waterproof quality. It is lined with the same material as the above garment. A full skirt, some forty inches in length, four loops, new sleeves and deep cuffs form the necessary finish.

Of the capes, those illustrated in designs 8 and 9 are seal plush, trimmed with thibet. Their length and cut gives them the umbrella effect, while their general utility as an outer wrap commends them to many who are unable to acquire more costly articles. They are both lined with satin rhadame.

The one illustration (10) of a jacket that is shown in this issue is an all-wool kersey, double-breasted and tailor made, finished with fancy lapels and pockets, and having at the neck and wrists inlaid velvet collar and cuffs. It has for a lining fancy designed black and white silk. A more stylish or more jaunty appearing coat is not easy to find. It invariably gives to its wearer the all-to-be-desired smart effect.



Silver Medallion Presented to Chief Albertson by President Andrew Jackson

A SURVIVOR OF THE RED MAN'S DAY

BY FRANK ANDREWS

WHILE making a trip through the Indian Territory it was recently my good fortune to meet one of the most remarkable women then living. Aside from being one hundred and eleven years old, she was the possessor of a medallion that is the only one of its kind in existence. The name of this venerable dame was Sarah Albertson, and she lived near the pretty village of Colbert just within the southern border of the Red Man's Land. She was a half-breed Chickasaw, the daughter of a chief, her people having always held high places in the Territorial government.

Upon my visit to the home of Daniel Collins, where Mrs. Albertson lived, the old lady sat in her easy chair on the front porch and related the interesting story of her eventful life, beginning with her girlhood in the beautiful valleys of the Blackhorn river in Mississippi. She told of the old life when

she was so happy around the hut of her father, and how in after years the white man drove her family away from those happy scenes into a new and strange land. Her old eyes kindled with animation as she spoke of the wrongs to her race, and there was a trace of bitterness in her voice when she spoke of her forced farewell to her old home.

According to her statement, substantiated by the family Bible, Mrs. Albertson was born in 1785 in the Blackhorn Valley, Mississippi. Her father was Chief Philip Oxberry, known in his tribe as a wise counsellor rather than an aggressive warrior. He gave to his daughter what education it was possible for her to obtain near her home in those primitive days, and she was often with him at tribal councils and other meetings of her people. It was at one of these tribal meetings that Chief Isaac Albertson met and loved

Sarah, then a comely Indian girl. They were married, and Chief Albertson was afterward highly honored by his tribe, and at a gathering of the Chickasaws in the Blackhorn Valley in 1829 he was presented with a silver medallion by President Andrew Jackson, the presen-

when he was assassinated near his home several years ago. Mrs. Albertson highly prized this silver token, and although she had handsome offers for it she refused to allow it to leave her possession.

Looking at this venerable dame and



Mrs. Sarah Albertson, Aged 111

tation being made to evidence a treaty of peace between the government and the Chickasaws, that has not yet been broken. Chief Albertson was instructed that he should at his death bequeath the medallion to the oldest living member of his tribe, and in this manner his wife became its possessor

realizing her great age, one feels somewhat as he does when he looks upon a relic of antiquity. Her face was deeply seamed with the lines of age and her eyes were losing their lustre. She formerly read a great deal, but during the last ten years, strange to say, the meaning of printed words had left

her, while she retained her other faculties to a degree remarkable in one of her great age, and could minutely describe occurrences of eighty years ago.

Loved and honored by all Chickasaws, this remarkable woman of five score and ten years, was passing her last years in the land of her forced adoption among relatives who kindly cared for her.

As I walked away to the station on

finally brought to a close. During her last illness there were gathered about her more than a hundred of her descendants, people who were led to believe that a life which had been so long with them would still be spared yet longer. It was hard for them to realize that the hereafter had any claims on one who had known this earth for so many years. Her death, that from the nature of things might have been



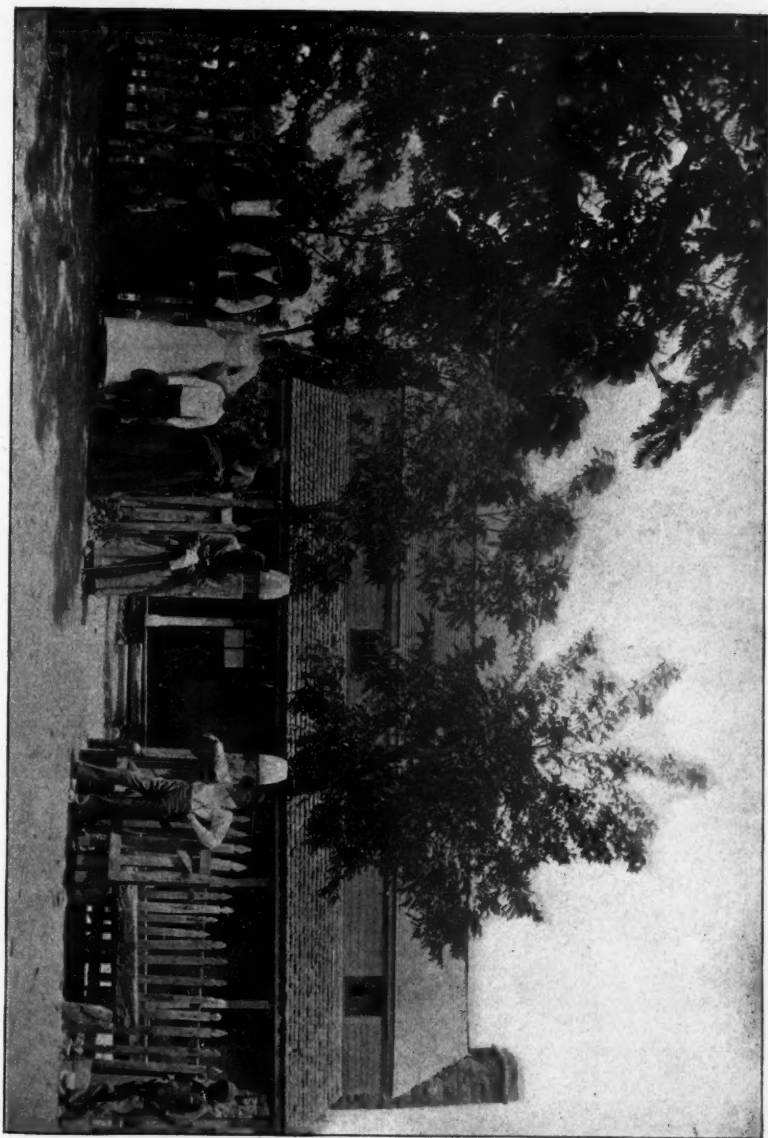
Silver Medallion Presented to Chief Albertson by President Andrew Jackson. (Reverse)

that day the rays of the descending sun fell on a pretty picture. Little Annie Collins, the great-granddaughter of Mrs. Albertson, led her aged relative toward the house, the strong young arms supporting the tottering form, thus linking the departing day of life with its bright and joyous morning.

Events, however, since the day of my visit have lately transpired that will forever render the recurrence of this picture impossible. On one of the golden autumn mornings of late September the long life of Mrs. Albertson, a life so full of sad experiences, was

daily anticipated, was for this reason in some respects a surprise. The burial occurred in the little cemetery near Colbert, where scores of relatives and a vast throng of cherishing friends followed the body to the grave.

For some time prior to her death Mrs. Albertson had been rather dispirited. She talked more of former times and had wished them back again. She had been greatly worried by the encroachments of the white man, and often said to Mrs. Collins: "You don't know, child, how it was. They came and took our lands from us and sent us



Home of Daniel Collins, where Mrs. Albertson Lived

wandering to new homes, and it now seems that they are not yet satisfied." She often cried while talking about the suffering of her people in this way.

Although having spent the past fifty years of her life in a quiet home, she died holding fast to the early traditions of her people. She had embraced and was a firm believer in the religion of the white man, but in all things else she was true to the spirit of her fathers. When recounting their deeds of war her eyes would glow with admiration, and to the last she cherished many relics of the time the red man was free to roam at his will. Among these was a highly-prized tomahawk. When the treaty of 1832 was concluded at Ponti-

tock, Miss., the signature of Chief Albertson, husband of Sarah Albertson, was attached to it with the signatures of other prominent Chickasaws. President Jackson, as a mark of friendship toward Chief Albertson, presented him with the tomahawk in question, which is now a unique and highly-prized relic. Above the blade of the weapon is the bowl of a pipe. The handle is hollow and has a mouthpiece for the smoker, thus constituting the pipe of peace and tomahawk of war.

A monument will be reared to her memory, and when the record of her years is put upon the stone it will read: "Born in 1784; died in 1896."



STORIES FROM THE PERSIAN

ABDULLA AND HIS MONEY

IN a sequestered vale of the fruitful province of Khorassan there lived a peasant called Abdulla. He had married a person in his own rank of life, who, though very plain in her appearance, had received from her fond father the fine name of Zeeba, or the beautiful; to which act of parental folly the good woman owed the few seeds of vanity that mixed in her homely character. It was this feeling that led her to name her two children Yusuph and Fatima,—conceiving, no doubt, that the fortunate name of the son of Yacoob, the vizier of Far'oun and fascinater of Zuleikha, would aid the boy in his progress through life; while there could be no doubt of her little girl receiving equal advantages from being named after the daughter of the Prophet and the wife of the renowned Ali.

With all these family pretensions from high names, no man's means could be more limited than those of Abdulla; but he was content and happy. He was strong and healthy, and labored for the reis, or squire, who owned the land on which his cottage stood; he had done so from youth, and had never left, nor ever desired to leave, his native valley. The wages of his labor were paid in grain and cloth, sufficient for the food and clothing of his family and himself; with money he was unacquainted except by name.

It happened, however, one day, that the reis was so well pleased with Abdulla's exertions that he made him a present of ten piastres. Abdulla could hardly express his thanks, he was so surprised and overjoyed at this sudden influx of wealth. The moment he could get away from his daily labor he ran home to his wife. "There, my Zeeba," said he, "there are riches for you!" and

he spread the money before her. The astonishment and delight of the good woman was little less than that of her husband, and the children were called to share in the joy of their parents. "Well," said Abdulla, still looking at the money, "the next thing to consider is, what is to be done with this vast sum. The reis has given me tomorrow as a holiday; and I do think, my dear wife, if you approve, I will go to the famous city of Meshed: I never saw it, but it is not above six or seven ferssekhs distant. I will pay my devotions at the shrine of the holy Imam Mehdee, upon whom be God's blessing, and like a good Mahometan deposit there two piastres,—one-fifth of my wealth,—and then I will go to the great bazaar, of which I have heard so much, and purchase with the remainder everything you, my dear wife and children, can wish; tell me what you would like best."

"I will be moderate," said Zeeba; "I want nothing but a piece of handsome silk for a dress; I think it would be becoming;" and as she said so, all the associations to which her father had given birth when he gave her a name shot across her mind. "Bring me," said the sturdy little Yusuph, "a nice horse and a sword." "And me," said his sister, in a softer tone, "an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers." "Every one of these articles shall be here tomorrow evening," said Abdulla, as he kissed his happy family; and early next morning, taking a stout staff in his hand, he commenced his journey towards Meshed.

When Abdulla approached the holy city, his attention was first attracted by the cluster of splendid domes and minarets which encircled the tomb of the

holy Imam Mehdee, whose roofs glittered with gold. He gazed with wonder at a sight which appeared to him more like those which the faithful are promised in heaven than anything he expected to see on this earth. Passing through the streets which led to such magnificent buildings, he could look at nothing but them. When arrived at the gate of the sacred shrine, he stopped for a moment in silent awe, and asked a venerable priest, who was reading the Koran, if he might proceed, explaining at the same time his object. "Enter, my brother," said the old man. "Bestow your alms, and you shall be rewarded; for one of the most pious of the caliphs has said, 'Prayer takes a man half way to paradise; fasting brings him to its portals; but these are only opened to him who is charitable.'"

Having deposited, like a good and pious Mussulman, the fifth of his treasure on the shrine of the holy Imam, Abdulla went to the great bazaar; on entering which his senses were quite confounded by the novel sight of the pedestrian crowd hurrying to and fro, the richly caparisoned horses, the splendid trains of the nobles, and the loaded camels and mules, which filled the space between rich shops, where every ware of Europe, India, China, Tartary, and Persia were displayed. He gazed with open mouth at everything he saw, and felt for the first time what an ignorant and insignificant being he had hitherto been. Though pushed from side to side by those on foot, and often nearly run over by those on horseback, it was some time before he became aware of the dangers to which his wonder exposed him. These accidents, however, soon put him out of humor with the bustle he had at first so much admired, and determined him to finish his business and return to his quiet home.

Entering a shop where there was a number of silks such as he had seen

worn by the family of the reis, he inquired for their finest pieces. The shopman looked at him, and observing from his dress that he was from the country, concluded he was one of those rich farmers who, notwithstanding the wealth they have acquired, maintain the plain habits of the peasantry to whom they have a pride in belonging. He consequently thought he had a good customer; that is, a man who added to riches but little knowledge of the article he desired to purchase. With this impression he tossed and tumbled over every piece of silk in his shop. Abdulla was so bewildered by their beauty and variety, that it was long before he could decide; at last he fixed upon one, which was purple, with a rich embroidered border. "I will take this," he said, wrapping it up and putting it under his arm; "what is the price?"

"I shall only ask you, who are a new customer, two hundred piastres; I should ask any one else three or four hundred for so exquisite a specimen of manufacture, but I wish to tempt you back again, when you leave your beautiful lands in the country to honor our busy town with your presence." Abdulla stared, replaced the silk, and repeated in amazement, "Two—hundred—piastres! you must be mistaken; do you mean such piastres as these?" taking one out of the eight he had left in his pocket, and holding it up to the gaze of the astonished shopkeeper. "Certainly I do," said the latter; "and it is very cheap at that price." "Poor Zeeba!" said Abdulla, with a sigh, at the thought of her disappointment. "Poor who?" said the silk-mercator. "My wife," said Abdulla. "What have I to do with your wife?" said the man, whose tone altered as his chance of sale diminished. "Why," said Abdulla, "I will tell you all: I have worked hard for the reis of our village ever since I was a boy; I never saw money till yesterday, when he gave me ten piastres. I came to Meshed, where I had never

been before. I have given, like a good Mussulman, a fifth of my wealth to the Imam Mehdee, the holy descendant of our blessed Prophet, and with the eight remaining piastres I intend to buy a piece of embroidered silk for my good wife, a horse and sword for my little boy, and an Indian handkerchief and a pair of golden slippers for my darling daughter; and here you ask me two hundred piastres for one piece of silk! How am I to pay you, and with what money am I to buy the other articles,—tell me that!" said Abdulla, in a reproachful tone. "Get out of my shop!" said the enraged vender of silks; "here have I been wasting my valuable time, and rumpling my choicest goods, for a fool and a madman! Go along to your Zeeba and your booby children; buy stale cakes and black sugar for them, and do not trouble me any more." So saying, he thrust his new and valued customer out of the door.

Abdulla muttered to himself as he went away, "No doubt this is a rascal, but there may be honest men in Meshed; I will try amongst the horse-dealers; and having inquired where these were to be found, he hastened to get a handsome pony for Yusuph. No sooner had he arrived at the horse market, and made his wishes known, than twenty were exhibited. As he was admiring one that pranced along delightfully, a friend, whom he had never seen before, whispered him to beware; that the animal, though he went very well when heated, was dead lame when cool. He had nearly made up his mind to purchase another, when the same man significantly pointed to the hand of the owner, which was one finger short, and then champing with his mouth and looking at the admired horse, gave Abdulla to understand that his beloved boy might incur some hazard from such a purchase. The very thought alarmed him; and he turned to his kind friend and asked if he could not recommend a suitable animal. The man

said his brother had one, which, if he could be prevailed upon to part with, would just answer, but he doubted whether he would sell him; yet as his son, who used to ride this horse, was gone to school, he thought he might. Abdulla was all gratitude, and begged him to exert his influence. This was promised and done; and in a few minutes a smart little gray horse, with head and tail in the air, cantered up. The delighted peasant conceived Yusuph on his back, and in a hurry to realize his vision, demanded the price. "Any other person but yourself," said the man, "should not have him one piastre less than two hundred; but as I trust to make a friend as well as a bargain, I have persuaded my brother to take only one hundred and fifty." The astonished Abdulla stepped back. "Why, you horse-dealers," said he, "whom I thought were such good men, are as bad as the silk-mercers!" He then recapitulated to his friend the rise of his present fortune, and all that had occurred since he entered Meshed. The man had hardly patience to hear him to a close. "And have I," said he, "been throwing away my friendship, and hazarding a quarrel with my brethren, by an over-zealous honesty to please a fool of a bumpkin? Get along to your Zeeba, and your Yusuph, and your Fatima, and buy for your young hopeful the sixteenth share of a jackass! The smallest portion of that animal is more suited to your means and your mind than a hair of the tail of the fine horses you have presumed to look at."

So saying, he went away in a rage, leaving Abdulla in perfect dismay. He thought, however, he might still succeed in obtaining some of the lesser articles; he, however, met with nothing but disappointment: the lowest-priced sword was thirty piastres, the golden slippers were twenty, and a small Indian handkerchief was twelve, being four piasters more than all he possessed.

Disgusted with the whole scene, the

good man turned his steps toward home. As he was passing through the suburbs he met a holy mendicant exclaiming, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundred-fold. "What is that you say?" said Abdulla. The beggar repeated his exclamation. "You are the only person I can deal with," said the good but simple peasant; "there are eight piastres,—all I possess; take them, and use them in the name of the Almighty, but take care that I am hereafter paid a hundred-fold, for without it I shall never be able to gratify my dear wife and children." And in the simplicity of his heart he repeated to the mendicant all which had occurred, that he might exactly understand the situation in which he was placed.

The holy man, scarcely able to suppress a smile as he carefully folded up the eight piastres, bade Abdulla to be of good heart and rely upon a sure return. He then left him, exclaiming as before, "Charity, charity! He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and he that lendeth to the Lord shall be repaid a hundred-fold."

When Abdulla came within sight of his cottage, they all ran to meet him. The breathless Yusuph was the first who reached his father: "Where is my horse and my sword?" "And my Indian handkerchief and golden slippers?" said little Fatima, who had now come up. "And my silk vest?" said Zeeba, who was close behind her daughter. "But wealth has changed your disposition, my dear Abdulla!" said the good woman. "You have become grave, and, no doubt," she added with a smile, "so dignified that you could not be burdened, but have hired a servant to bring home the horse and to carry the presents for your family. Well, children, be patient; we shall see everything in a few minutes." Abdulla shook his head, but would not speak a word till he en-

tered his dwelling. He then seated himself on his coarse mat, and repeated all his adventures, every part of which was heard with temper till his last act,—that of giving his piastres to the mendicant. Zeeba, who had a little more knowledge of the world than her husband, and whose mind was ruffled by disappointment, loudly reproached him with his stupidity and folly in thus throwing away the money he had obtained by the liberality of the reis, to whom she immediately went and gave information of all that had occurred. The enraged squire sent for Abdulla. "You blockhead," said he, "what have you been about? I, who am a man of substance, never give more than a copper coin to these vagabond rascals who go about asking charity; and here you have given one of them eight piastres,—enough to spoil the whole generation: but he promised you a hundred-fold, and you shall have it to prevent future folly. Here," said he to the servants near him, "seize the fellow, and give him a hundred stripes!" The order was obeyed as soon as given, and poor Abdulla went home on the night of the day following that which had dawned upon his wealth, sore from a beating, without a coin in his pocket, out of temper with silk-mercers, horse-dealers, cutlers, slipper-makers, mendicants, squires, wives, himself, and all the world.

Early next morning Abdulla was awakened by a message that the reis wanted him. Before he went he had forgiven his wife, who was much grieved at the punishment which her indiscretion had brought upon her husband. He also kissed his children, and bid them be of good heart, for he might yet, through God's favor, make amends for the disappointment he had caused them. When he came to the reis, the latter said. "I have found a job for you, Abdulla, that will bring you to your senses; here, in this dry soil, I mean to dig for water, and you must toil day after day till it

is found." So saying, he went away, leaving Abdulla to his own sad reflections and hard labor. He made little progress the first two days; but on the third, when about six cubits below the surface, he came upon a brass vessel; on looking into which he found it full of round white stones, which were beautiful from their smoothness and fine lustre. He tried to break one with his teeth, but could not. "Well," said he, "this is no doubt some of the rice belonging to the squire, which has been turned into stones. I am glad of it; he is a cruel master; I will, however, take them home; they are very pretty; and now I recollect I saw some very like them at Meshed for sale. But what can this be?" said Abdulla to himself, disengaging another pot from the earth. "Oho! these are darker, they must have been wheat; but they are very beautiful; and here!" cried he, "these shining pieces of glass are finer and brighter than all the rest; but I will try if they are glass;" and he put one of them between two stones, but could not break it.

Pleased with this discovery, and believing he had got something valuable, but ignorant what it was, he dug out all he could find, and putting them into a bag, carefully concealed it even from his wife. His plan was to obtain a day's leave from his master and go again to Meshed, where he had hopes of selling the pretty stones of various colors for as much money as would purchase the silk vest, the horse, the sword, the slippers, and the handkerchief. His mind dwelt with satisfaction on the pleasing surprise it would be to those he loved to see him return home, mounted on the horse, and loaded with the other articles. But while the pious Abdulla indulged in this dream, he always resolved that the Imam Mehdee should receive a fifth of whatever wealth he obtained.

After some weeks' hard labor at the well, water was found. The reis was in

good humor, and the boon of a holiday was granted. Abdulla departed before daylight, that no one might see the bag which he carried; when close to Meshed, he concealed it near the root of a tree, having first taken out two handfuls of the pretty stones, to try what kind of a market he could make of them. He went to a shop where he had seen some like them. He asked the man, pointing to those in the shop, if he would buy any such articles. "Certainly," said the jeweller, for such he was; "have you one to sell?" "One!" said Abdulla, "I have plenty." "Plenty!" repeated the man. "Yes; a bagful." "Common pebbles, I suppose; can you show me any?" "Look here!" said Abdulla, taking out a handful, which so surprised the jeweller that it was some time before he could speak. "Will you remain here, honest man," said he, "for a moment," trembling, as he spoke, "and I will return instantly." So saying, he left the shop, but reappeared in a few minutes with the chief magistrate and some of his attendants. "There is the man," said he; "I am innocent of all dealings with him. He has found the long-lost treasure of Khoosroo; his pockets are filled with diamonds, rubies and pearls, in price and lustre far beyond any existing; and he says he has a bagful." The magistrate ordered Abdulla to be searched, and the jewels which had been described were found. He was then desired to show where he had deposited the bag, which he did; all were carefully sealed, and carried with Abdulla to the governor, by whom he was strictly examined. He told his whole history from first to last: the receiving of ten piastres; his charity at the shrine of the Imam; his intended purchases; the conduct of the mercer, the horse-dealer, the cutler, the slipper-maker; the promises of the mendicant; the disappointment and anger of his wife; the cruelty of the reis; the digging of the well; the discovery of the

pretty stones; the plan formed for disposing of them, with the reserve for further charity: all this was narrated with a clearness and simplicity that stamped its truth, which was confirmed by the testimony of his wife and children, who were brought to Meshed. But notwithstanding this, Abdulla, his family, and the treasures he had found were a few days afterwards despatched for Isfahan, under a guard of five hundred horsemen. Express couriers were sent before to advise the ministers of the great Abbas of the discovery which had been made, and of all that had been done.

During these proceedings at Meshed, extraordinary events occurred at Isfahan. Shah Abbas the Great saw one night in a dream the holy Imam Meh-dee clothed in green robes. The saint, after looking steadfastly at the monarch, exclaimed, "Abbas, protect and favor my friend!" The king was much troubled at this dream, and desired his astrologers and wise men to expound it; but they could not. On the two following nights the same vision appeared and the same words were pronounced. The monarch lost all temper, and threatened the chief astrologer and others with death unless they relieved the anxiety of his mind before the evening of the same day. While preparations were making for their execution, the couriers from the governor of Meshed arrived, and the visier, after perusing the letters, hastened to the king. "Let the mind of the refuge of the world be at repose," he said, "for the dream of our monarch is explained. The peasant Abdulla of Khorassan, who, though ignorant and poor, is pious and charitable, and who has become the chosen instrument of Providence for discovering the treasures of Khoosroo, is the revealed friend of the holy Imam Meh-dee, who has commanded that this good and humble man be honored by the protection and favor of the king of kings."

Shah Abbas listened to the particulars which were written from Meshed with delight; his mind was quite relieved, and he ordered all his nobles and his army to accompany him a day's march from Isfahan to meet the friend of the holy Imam. When the approach of the party was announced, the king walked from his tent a short distance to meet them. First came one hundred horsemen; next Abdulla, with his arms bound, sitting on a camel; after him, on another, his wife Zeeba, and followed by their children, Yusuph and Fatima, riding together on a third. Behind the prisoners was the treasure. A hundred horsemen guarded each flank, and two hundred covered the rear. Shah Abbas made the camels which carried Abdulla and his family kneel close to him, and aided, with his royal hands, to untie the cords by which the good man was bound, while others released his wife and children. A suit of the king's own robes was directed to be put upon Abdulla, and the monarch led him to a seat close to his throne, but before he would consent to be seated, he thus addressed his majesty:—

"O King of the Universe, I am a poor man, but I was contented with my lot, and happy in my family, till I first knew wealth. From that day my life has been a series of misfortunes: folly and ambition have made me entertain wishes out of my sphere, and I have brought disappointment and misfortune on those I loved best; but now that my death is near, and it pleases your majesty to amuse yourself with a mock honor to your slave, he is satisfied, if your royal clemency will only spare the lives of that kind woman and these dear children. Let them be restored to the peace and innocence of their native valley, and deal with me according to your royal pleasure."

On uttering these words, Abdulla, overcome by his feelings, burst into tears. Abbas was himself greatly moved. "Good and pious man," he

said, "I intend to honor, not to slay thee. Thy humble and sincere prayers, and thy charitable offerings at the shrine of the holy Mehdee, have been approved and accepted. He has commanded me to protect and favor thee. Thou shalt stay a few days at my capital, to recover from thy fatigues, and return as governor of that province from which thou hast come a prisoner. A wise minister, versed in the forms of office, shall attend thee; but in thy piety and honesty of character I shall find the best qualities for him who is destined to rule over others. Thy good wife Zeeba has already received the silk vest she so anxiously expected; and it shall be my charge," continued the gracious monarch, with a smile, "to see Yusuph provided with a horse and sword, and that little Fatima shall have her handkerchief and golden slippers."

The manner as well as the expressions of the king dispelled all Abdulla's fears and filled his heart with boundless gratitude. He was soon after nominated governor of Khorassan, and became famous over the country for his humanity and justice. He repaired, beautified, and richly endowed the shrine of the holy Imam, to whose guardian care he ever ascribed his advancement. Yusuph became a favorite of Abbas, and was distinguished by his skill in horsemanship, and by his gallantry. Fatima was married to one of the principal nobles, and the good Zeeba had the satisfaction through life of being sole mistress in her family, and having no rival in the affection of her husband, who continued to cherish, in his exalted situation, those ties and feelings which had formed his happiness in humble life.



IN THE MORNING OF THE VICAR'S LIFE

BY ARTHUR W. TARBELL

THE young probationer who had been called from Oxford to the lonely little parish of Kerndale in the north of England, had arrived that afternoon at the vicarage, and was now sitting alone before the study-fire watching with languid interest the oak logs as they crumbled and glowed on the hearth-stone. The room about him was quiet; no sound reached his ears save the drowsy, rhythmical ticking of the old clock, that from the hall-way broke in upon an otherwise perfect stillness. The light from the fire threw out a soft, mellow glow, giving a ruddy aspect to the gloaming, and causing fantastic shadows to flicker and dance about on the opposite walls; while outside, in the bleak Westmoreland valley of Blacksmoor, the cold, dreary December afternoon was creeping slowly to a close, and the first few flakes of a snowstorm that had been threatening for the past twenty-four hours were beginning to descend like a silent white robe over the cheerless landscape.

The Vicar himself had just left the room. He was failing rapidly, so rapidly, in fact, that the probationer, when he clasped hands with him for the first time that afternoon, saw at a glance why he had been summoned so suddenly from Oxford. The good old churchman could not last much longer; four and fifty years of such work as he had done in the scattered parish of this desolate valley, had finally begun to tell upon him. One wondered even now how he had withstood the advance of years with so little apparent decrease of vitality. In his talk that afternoon the old Vicar, who might be considered as having earned the right to sheathe his sword after the long fight, had

shown a far greater amount of enthusiasm and energy of purpose than the younger man considered himself as having who had not even as yet drawn his blade in the good cause. And now it was the body, not the will, that was being forced to succumb. The probationer marvelled at this spirit that could carry a man through so many years of what to most men would appear a dreary and unappreciated toil among a people that lived mainly, if not wholly, upon the most humble and lowest planes of existence. Fifty years of solitary life, preaching the Word of God to the rude dalesmen of this barren valley—what a sacrifice from a worldly standpoint! Ah! but that was not the question, although the situation weighed itself keenly in the young probationer's mind as he sat there before the fire wondering, now that he was about to take his first step, what successive steps the future held for him.

But his thoughts at this point were interrupted by a door opening and the entrance into the room of the decrepit old housekeeper who had come to light the lamps. After watching her for some time the probationer ventured a question.

"The Vicar is poorly, my good woman?"

"Ar, hae is that, God bless 'im. I'm muckle afeared hae's slippin' awa'." The poor creature was so visibly affected by the mere thought of this, that she was obliged to raise one corner of her apron to her eyes to conceal her emotion.

"And the good people here in the valley will miss him sorely when he is gone. I hear they think a deal of the Vicar."

"Ar, sir, yae canna ken hoow mooch. Foor an' fifty years—na woonder the love 'im. 'Tis a muckle bit hae's doon foor 'em. I dinna ken whut they'll doo widoot th' maister. Ar mac, t'll nat bae lang noo that hae has t' laive, gude man that hae is, God bless 'im. I dinna blaef hae'll aver mak' anoother journey, an' I dinna thaink theer'll bae any vi'lets on th' foin laidy's pictur', any mair, any mair." This allusion, though not in the least understood by the probationer, was followed by a series of mumbling, half-articulate utterances concerning the "maister's" goodness. Occasionally her remarks, as she moved about the room, were interspersed with disparaging exclamations derogatory to the Vicar's tidiness.

Whether it was for his especial benefit that she did this, or whether it was her habitual outflow of solicitude for her master, the young churchman could not determine, but before long he found himself listening with considerable interest to what appeared to be a disconnected sketch of the Vicar's life. Much of what she said was unintelligible, owing partly to her confusion of circumstances and places, and partly to her irregular dialect, but by the time the Vicar had entered the room again, the probationer was left with an indistinct impression that the Vicar was a man with a story. Years ago, it seemed, some great disappointment had befallen him, and unable or unwilling to suffer a second one from the world's harsh hands, he had in consequence buried himself in this northern valley to accept the spiritual guardianship of as poor and as lowly a flock of worshippers as could be found anywhere in the length and breadth of all England. Once a year, in the spring time, he was known to journey southward, but no one knew just where; and each time that he returned he brought back a cluster of violets and a countenance that betrayed a strange mingling of past happiness and present suffering.

This little journey, so short and apparently insignificant, was regarded by the dalesmen as the connecting link of the Vicar's past, a past which they reverently respected by never mentioning. But they would have given—ah, how much to know what it meant.

The Vicar had returned to the room, and was seated once more by the fire. The probationer expected that they would resume their talk on church matters, but it was not so. Something had happened in the interval. There was not that vigor nor hopefulness in the Vicar's face that the young man had seen there in the afternoon. He seemed visibly weakened and resigned. Could it be that the presence of his successor had given him an inkling of what was coming? It was possible. The probationer was even afraid it was so, for on glancing down at the Vicar's hands, he noticed that one of them held a cluster of faded violets. He recalled the words of the housekeeper, and wondered if he, a stranger, was to be permitted a glimpse of a past that had hitherto met with no utterance. But he could only wait; he could not at that moment comprehend the Vicar's mood.

For a time both men were silent; nothing was heard but the storm outside that rattled the windows and blew in fierce gusts against the panes. Then the Vicar spoke.

"Draw your chair nearer the fire, my lad; it's scarce warmth enough we can get on a night like this. Ah, they are terrible—these nights—on the poor dalesmen of this wild valley. I shouldn't wonder but old Brobridge up on Scar-Head Ghyll would lose more cattle tonight than he can well afford. They are times when we who are privileged not to be men of the soil, like best to sit by the fire and watch the flames or listen to the wind as it moans in the chimney. They seemed to whisper to us of things gone by."

The Vicar paused, but the younger man knew that it was not the time for him to speak.

"Tell me, my lad, of what were you dreaming here by the fire just now—of the large and wealthy parish you hope to have some few years hence in a distant city?"

The probationer was surprised at the elder churchman's sympathetic insight. "Yes, Vicar, I confess I was indulging in some rather improbable castles in the air."

"Ah, well, don't make the church too big nor the parishioners too wealthy. Things shrink with age, you know. The fates seem to enjoy mocking us by allowing us to have such grand castles when we are young, and then force upon us the bitter contrast of reality when we are older."

The Vicar reached forward to replace one of the logs that had crumbled and fallen from the andirons. The probationer thought he saw, by the light of the fire, a tear glistening in the old man's eye.

"Yes, my lad," he presently continued. "I doubt if there is any sadder bit of irony concerning human fate than the fading away of the splendid dreams of our youth as we approach the afternoon and evening of life. We trim our lamps and set them on a pedestal, meaning that they shall shed their light upon a none too happy world and make everything bright and cheerful. And all to what end? Scarcely before we realize it, the light, somehow or other, seems to grow dim, and we find that the wick has not been trimmed and that the oil has not been replenished. Then, almost without any effort on our part, the lamp itself goes out. And so dies many another good intention. Ah—it is sad—I know of nothing sadder."

The Vicar paused. But it was only for a moment. Then he began to speak with the manner of a man who was retrospectively thinking of something that deeply concerned his life.

"I knew of a young man once, who while he was in college began to construct air-castles that far exceeded in

splendor and magnificence anything that can be found in the Arabian Nights. Each one surpassed in grandeur the one that preceded it, and the last—ah, why need I conceal the fact?—the young man was myself, and on just such a night as this, oh, so many years ago, something happened, and all these beautiful dreams of youth fell at one blow, and the young man was young no longer. He had learnt what it was to live in a world like this.

"I hardly know why I should wish to recall that night—but—well—I must, that is all. And then—strange too as it may seem—I see something in your face—I saw it this afternoon—that carries me, with unaccountable persistency back to that night. Yet it must be my fancy only, for of course there can be no other reason. However, I will tell the story; it may serve its purpose. It now concerns no one but myself, so it can do no harm; the others have long since been dead, and my own lamp is fast flickering out. The old Doctor tells me that I am failing rapidly, and may be called at any moment."

Still the young man did not answer; he knew that none was expected. So he waited. And the storm in the valley seemed to grow fiercer, and the wind rose and fell in the chimney with long, weird moans. The Vicar gave his chair a hitch nearer the fire and settled back in it with a feeble gesture.

"It is not easy for me to speak now, my friend, of anything that goes deeper than the weather or parish affairs, so I scarce know where to begin; but then it's no very great story, after all, and I dare say many a better man has been through the same thing. At any rate, the time when it began was back in the early part of the century when I was a Balliol man—at your own university, it seems—so you'll understand my surroundings. Of course I am well aware that the Oxford of then and the Oxford of today are two vastly different things, and yet I imagine that the dreams a young fellow has there were pretty

much the same then as now. Although I take it as no very great credit, I was particularly fortunate in my undergraduate career. I cleared the "Smalls" and the "Greats" with what seemed to me no terrible amount of work, and not being content to take merely a "pass" degree, I aimed at the highest and secured a "first" in *Literae Humaniores*. Besides that I made a good many firm friends, was a member of the Union Debating Society, then just started, and was regular on the eleven and at one time a substitute on the crew. So you see, a few years later, when I entered the church, I had as auspicious a start as any young fellow could wish. But ah—the irony of it all, the greatest error of my years at Oxford—was, that my ideals were too high. It may sound strange for a man to be told in this grossly material world of ours, that one's ideals can be too high, but nevertheless as I see it now through the focus of years, such was the case. In those days I was like a man climbing a mountain, who kept his eyes so constantly upwards on the summit, that he never saw on the ground beneath him anything of good or of interest; and so many a rich opportunity was passed by, and many a thing that it was his to do was left undone. But the gray hairs of my head, if they have brought nothing else to me, have shown me wherein I then erred; for I have since learned that the one thing demanded of us, the fulfilling of the highest ideal of all, lies in the manner in which a man does his daily work and his daily duty.

"But it was different then. I left Oxford, as a countless number of men before and after me have done, with hopes and expectations that it would never have been in the power of mortal man to accomplish. Why, in those days, nothing less than the pulpit of the biggest church in London was going to satisfy me, and I was always imagining myself in the great cathedrals of the world, swaying the people and better-

ing their lives by bringing home to them as it had never been brought home before, the truth and beauty of right living. It seemed to me then that the greater half of mankind was travelling on the wrong road when they might just as well have journeyed on the right one if the guide-boards had only been different. I saw everywhere misery and animality where there might have been happiness and divinity; and I encountered at every turn unnatural ugliness where there ought to have been natural beauty. A poor, sodden, wretched, misguided humanity, as easily moulded as the clay beneath the potter's thumb, waiting for the leaders and the trumpet calls to march them on towards righteousness—such was the spectacle as I then saw it. And all this affected me how? It made me well-nigh restlessly crazy, ambitious, intensely eager for the word and the opportunity to come that I might throw my own heart and life into the struggle. And so I waited and listened, and as I waited and listened, many a light, as Wordsworth says,

'Dawned from the east, but dawned to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripened
not
Into a steady morning.'

"Do you ever go back to Oxford?" ventured the probationer, thinking that the Vicar's yearly journey had something to do with these early hopes.

"No, no, my lad, it wouldn't do. Nothing makes me so sad as the thought of how I used to dream out such grand Utopias at Oxford. It would be like a stab to me to witness again the scene of those visions. If I went back I should only see in every familiar spot and hear in every familiar sound, faces and voices that would mock me at my failure—if failure it has been. No, no, my lad, it wouldn't do." And the Vicar leaned back with a sigh and let his eyes wander absently over the room.

"Well, about that time I entered into

my first incumbency, a wretched little parish, lost and hidden away in the mining district of southern England. I had to take it; there was no alternative and my poverty admitted of no delay. I was miserably disappointed, but it seemed before long that I was destined to meet with a still greater disappointment. For at the end of my first year I was asked to resign. It was a terrible blow, and at the time I could in nowise reconcile it. But now it is all perfectly clear. I simply overshot their heads. I was drifting so much in the clouds myself then, that I doubt if I spoke more than five words in my sermons that year that an ordinary man with his feet on the ground could in the least understand; much less a man whose daily work it was to wield a pick in a coal mine. Yet time softened the sting of that blow somewhat, but there was another—"

And here the old Vicar's voice faltered, and he stared into the fire with averted face. The younger man knew full well that here, in all probability, the Vicar was about to speak of something that had never before passed his lips.

"During that year I fell in love with a girl—the daughter of the manor-house. I need not tell you that she was good or that she was beautiful; my ideals being what they were, you must know what my choice would have been. It is sufficient to say that that was the *only* year that I ever really lived—a touch of the idealistic, a momentary realization of one's inner dreams, a glimpse of heaven. Near the parish there was a hill from which could be seen beautiful stretches of lowland downs, and beyond, in the far south near the horizon, the dim blue sea. On the summer evenings when the gloaming was deepening over the landscape, we used to wander up that hill, away from the village, and let our eyes gaze far off over the scene and dream out our futures. And on one evening in the spring time, when the violets were purple in the woods, I remember she

plucked a cluster of them and held them in her hand. I asked her for them and they became mine. And she said then 'that violets were to her the sweetest flowers that grew, and she hoped when she was dead that they would blossom on her grave.'

"That year was bitter to me afterwards, yet my life would have been unblest indeed without it, for it was all the time I ever had with her. In the end, when I was obliged to resign and journey northwards to a new parish, I had to go without her, for her father would not hear of marriage. I was too poor to be regarded as an equal with aristocracy.

"And then one winter's night in my new parish—on just such a night as this—as I was dreaming of her before my lonely fire, I received a letter. It told me that she had been compelled by her father to marry a man she did not love. And—and she sent as something for me to always hold dear as a remembrance of her (God knows I did not need it) her picture and a cluster of violets."

The Vicar paused. It was evident that every word was drawn from him in agony.

"The next I heard," and here the old man buried his face in his hands, "was—that she was—dead. Had died in child-birth. Of all the years I have been a humble minister in God's service I have failed on but one Sabbath; and I believe it was the Sunday after that."

The Vicar paused again, but his listener knew that he had not finished. And when he took his hands away he was once more master of himself, and his face bore a strange smile.

"Ah, well, that was all a good many years ago now. Time has done something to help me, though not much. I was a poor man then; I am a poor man now. But I was rich then compared to what I am today, for I had the love of a girl and the expectations of a youth; while now I can only look back and

think of what might have been. So you see the call I expected and the opportunity I dreamt of never came; and the masses have never been swayed, the great books I had planned have never been written, and much, if not most, of the unnatural ugliness of the world then, still remains unnatural ugliness now. And so I dream no longer—unless it be of a place where the weary in heart shall find rest. There, lad, there's my story—God bless you and good-night," and the old man, unable to control himself longer, staggered from the room.

They were the last words the Vicar ever spoke in this world, for he slipped away in his sleep that night without a sigh and without a warning, holding in

his feeble hands a cluster of violets that years ago had breathed a sweetness into his life and then faded. He had made his last journey southward to visit the grave and had now gone on a longer journey upwards to join the spirit.

The next morning when the young churchman saw the picture by the Vicar's bedside, he exclaimed, "My grandmother?" So after all the old Vicar was not mistaken when he thought he saw something in the other man's face that carried him back to the night when that letter came.

And in time the young probationer became Vicar of the the lonely Westmoreland valley.



THE MOST COSTLY THINGS

BY FRANK A. CLARK

THE State Capitol at Albany, N. Y., times. Over twenty million dollars is the costliest building of modern have been expended upon it. The Capitol at Washington from the year 1793, when its corner-stone was laid, had cost, up to 1878, including all its expensive furniture, its almost annual alterations and repairs, less than \$13,000,000.

The most expensive municipal hall in the world, and the largest in the United States, is the City Building of Philadelphia, upon whose tower the largest clock in the world is displayed. Nobody knows exactly how much money it has cost, but it cannot be far in the aggregate from the amount invested in the State House of New York.

The most expensive Legislature in the world is that of France, which costs

annually \$3,600,000. The Italian Parliament costs \$430,000 a year.

The next to the highest price ever paid for a horse in the world was the \$105,000 for which the trotter Axtell was sold in Indiana at the age of three years. It is true the local tax assessor only valued the horse for the purposes of his returns at \$500, and Axtell's owners' neighbors grew indignant thereat. Whereupon the owners observed that if their horseflesh was assessed at anything like the figures which they paid for him they would move him out of the State, and the indignation was quieted down. At that time it was the highest. But on Jan. 11, 1892, Arion was sold by Senator Leland Stanford to J. Malcolm Forbes of Boston for \$125,000. That beats all prices.

The next highest price ever paid for

a horse in the United States was the \$100,000 given by Charles Reed of the Fairview farm, Tennessee, for the great stallion St. Blaise, at a sale in New York City in October, 1891.

A buff Leghorn pullet exhibited at the chicken fair in Madison Square Garden in January, 1892, was valued at \$100.

The costliest paintings of modern times have proved to be Meissonier's "1814," and Millet's "The Angelus." M. Chauchard gave 850,000 francs (\$170,000) for "1814," and 750,000 francs (\$150,000) for "The Angelus." Mr. Henry Hilton in 1887 paid \$66,000 for Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807," and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. That was the highest price ever paid for a modern picture until "The Angelus" was sold at the Secretan sale for 553,000 francs. Of course the after-sales of the two great pictures mentioned broke even this record.

The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth \$400,000.

The most costly book in the world is declared to be a Hebrew Bible now in the Vatican. In the year 1512 it is said that Pope Julius II. refused to sell this Hebrew Bible for its weight in gold, which would amount to \$103,000. This is the greatest price ever offered for a book.

In the year 1635 a tulip bulb was sold in Holland for \$2200. It weighed 200 grains.

The costliest meal ever served, as far as history shows, was a supper given by Aelius Verus, one of the most lavish of all the Romans of the latter day, to a dozen guests. The cost of this supper was 6000 sesteria, which would amount to £48,500, or nearly a quarter of a million dollars. A celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those degenerate days, to his brother Lucius, cost a little over \$200,000. Suetonius says that this banquet consisted of 2000 different dishes of fish and 7000 different fowls, beside other courses in

proportion. Vitellius, fortunately for his exchequer, did not reign very long, else that would have been exhausted, as well as the game preserves of Libya, Spain and Britain and the waters of the Carpathian and Adriatic seas. One dish alone at the table of the Emperor Heliogabalus cost \$200,000.

The largest sum ever asked or offered for a single diamond is £430,000, which the Nizam of Hyderabad agreed to give to Mr. Jacobs, the famous jeweler of Simla, for the "Imperial" diamond. This is considered the finest stone in the world.

The costliest toy on record was a broken-nosed wooden horse which belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, and was sold a few years ago for 1000 francs.

The costliest cigars ever brought to this country were a box of the brand specially made for the Prince of Wales in Havana, the manufacturer's price for which was \$1.87 apiece. Quite a popular cigar among some of the rich men of New York is a special Henry Clay, which come in a handsome box, wrapped in gold foil, and retails for \$1.40 apiece.

The largest price ever paid for a cane was bid at an auction in London of the walking sticks which were once the property of George III. and George IV. It was £18, or \$90, and was given for a walking stick of ebony, with a gold top, engraved "G. R.," and with a crown, and also containing the hair of the Princesses Augusta Elizabeth, Mary Sophia and Amelia, and inscribed, "The Gift of the Princess Mary, 1804."

The costliest mats in the world are owned by the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. The Shah and the Sultan each possess a mat made of pearls and diamonds, valued at over \$2,500,000. The largest mat ever made is owned by the Carlton Club of London, and is a work of art.

The costliest crown in Europe, experts say, is that worn by the Czar of Russia on state occasions. It is sur-

mounted by a cross formed of five magnificent diamonds resting upon an immense uncut but polished ruby. The ruby rests upon 11 large diamonds, which in turn are supported by a mat of pearls. The coronet of the Empress is said to contain the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever collected in one band.

The most expensive royal regalias in the world are said to be those of the Maharajah of Baroda, India. First comes a gorgeous collar containing 500 diamonds, arranged in five rows, some of these as large as walnuts. A top and bottom row of emeralds of equal size relieves the lustre of the diamonds. A pendant is composed of a single brilliant called the "Star of the Decan," and there are aigrettes, necklaces, bracelets, rings and chains to match. The maharajah's own special carpet, ten by six feet in extent, made entirely of pearls, with a big diamond in the center and in each corner, cost \$1,500,000.

The most valuable gold ore ever mined in the United States, and probably in the world, was a lot containing

200 pounds of quartz, carrying gold at the rate of \$50,000 a ton. This quartz was taken from the main shaft of the Michigan gold mine at Ishpeming. Assays from the same lot showed that other portions of it were worth \$110,958 a ton.

The greatest sum ever paid for telegraph tolls in one week by a newspaper was the expenditure of the London Times for cable service from Buenos Ayres during the revolution in the Argentine Republic. The cost of cabling from Buenos Ayres to London was \$1.75 a word, and the Times paid out \$30,000 for one week's dispatches. This was an admirable thing to do, from a journalistic point of view, as many millions of English money were invested in the city of Buenos Ayres and in the Argentine Republic outside, and this was all jeopardized by the revolution.

W. J. Florence, the comedian, once offered \$5000 for a catch phrase about which an American comedy could be written. Nobody supplied the demand, and this, the costliest phrase on recent record, has yet to be made—unless it was "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."



AUTHORS AND BOOKS

"Beatrix." By Honore de Balzac.
Translated by Katherine Prescott
Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

In Balzac's Comedy of Human Life "Beatrix" forms one of the most famous of the pictures drawn by him. In this novel he made use of the characteristics of certain persons which were recognized and admitted at the time of publication. George Sand is thus made to appear in *Mademoiselle des Touches* in her character, while in *Beatrix*, Conti, and Claude Vignon are sketches of the Comtesse d'Agoult, Liszt, and the well-known critic Gustave Blanche. The opening scenes of the novel represent the manners and customs of the old Breton family, illustrating a social state that now exists nowhere except in history. The entire transition period from that state to the customs and ideas of the present century is pictured by the great French novelist with remarkable faithfulness, skill, and power. Traits of character were represented by him, rather than actual personages, a singular fact in the history of one who has painted from two to three thousand portraits of human nature. To read his description of a Breton town and mansion in the opening chapter is to transfer one's existence to days in the far past of France, and revive manners and customs out of all relation to those of the present century. Balzac, while marvellously minute and accurate in his accumulated strokes as a painter, could yet lay on the master's brush with a boldness and vigor that made the dead or decadent past all alive again to his entranced reader. There is no resisting

the fascinating power of Balzac, even in translated form, which is here as near perfection as it has been brought.

"Beneath Old Rooftrees" By Abram English Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price. \$1.50.

delightful view of the opening of the Revolution. The author is well known in historical circles and as a story writer. He has, through ten years of reportorial work, come in touch with scores of New England people still living on old homesteads, occupied by their parents and grandparents at the time of the alarm of April 19, 1775, and there he has heard the story of personal experience reported by the descendants of those who at their own doors or in the highway faced the army of the King. While delineating in his characteristic manner the story of Lexington and Concord, the author has most happily shown the part taken by other towns in that memorable day's experience. So faithfully has he caught the spirit of the times of which he writes, that one cannot read this book without himself feeling that he is a participant for the hour in those trying scenes. Not only are well-known facts given a new setting, but many a gem flashes out in charming rays for the first time. The book is fully illustrated, notable among them being the "Burial of the British Dead at Lincoln," "Capture of the Convoy by the Exempts at Menotomy," and "The Site of the House Where John Hancock and Samuel Adams Lunched on Coarse Fare on April 19, 1775."

The whole makes not only a charming story, but is a faithful delineation of

that chapter of history of which every true American is justly proud.

"A Woman Intervenes." By Robert Barr. New York and Boston: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mr. Robert Barr has hit upon a splendid subject in his new novel, "A Woman Intervenes" (Chatto), and none who read will deny that he has justified his choice of subject by displaying an admirable ability in the treatment of it. The opening chapters of the story are placed on a trans-Atlantic steamer, and, while they introduce the *dramatis personae*, set forth an episode which in some way stands by itself; the attempt of a wonderful woman journalist to get an accurate idea of the report on certain mining properties which Wentworth, an accountant, and Kenyon, a mining engineer, are taking to London, so that she may cable the information to New York before the London syndicate has received it. One comes very near to hating the little woman for her devotion to what she deems her duty; but, though she gets the information out of Wentworth, who is very much in love with her, "a woman intervenes," aided by Providence, and matters are left in such a position that Wentworth is able to forgive the lady with all his heart when she comes, much later on, to entreat his pardon.

The story abounds in scenes of the strongest interest, is admirably devised and written, and displays a mixture of humor and high spirits which makes it the best of reading. You will wait eagerly, when you have read it, for Mr. Barr's next novel, and it would not be wonderful if some enterprising manager gave him no rest until he had produced a play.

The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By John T. Moore, Jr. Two Volumes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.

Nothing can be said that is likely to add to the interest that every reading American will take in this work, for no writer has so endeared himself to

the hearts of his countrymen as he. He was loved for his personality as well as his writings. Though a busy man, whose work must sometimes have pressed upon, his genial nature seemed to raise him above all the ordinary cares of life. He was neither sordid nor ambitious. Ever ready with tongue or pen, he had only kind words for everybody, though the follies and vices of men were as plain to him as to others. The author of these volumes, anticipating the criticism that they contain too much of memoir and too little of correspondence, reminds us that letter-writing was to Dr. Holmes an irksome task. "Except to Motley and to Lowell, during their absences in Europe, he very rarely wrote spontaneously and in way of friendship. His letters, it will be observed, were almost always written because some correspondent could not courteously be left unanswered, or under the more or less mild compulsion of some special occasion." It must be remembered that he was never a man of leisure. He was a physician, a lecturer, a poet and a novelist, and besides "was always tinkering at one contrivance or another." He invented and made the first small stereoscope for hand use. His biographer says if he had taken out a patent for it he would have made a large sum of money. But at no time in his life had he any apparent desire to be wealthy. He says himself of his boyhood: "I never wanted for occupation. Though not an inventor, I was always a contriver. I was constantly at work with tools of some sort." He says, however, with characteristic modesty, that he was never a skilful workman. "My imagination," he adds, "helped me into immense absurdities, in which, however, I found great delight," and goes on to tell of the wooden skate that he made and experimented with "on the ditch." Each volume contains a portrait, one of 1850, the other of 1892. Among the other illustrations is one of the "old gambrel-roofed house" where he was born

and where he lived for many years. When it was torn down he wrote to Lowell: "Our old house is gone. I went all over it—into every chamber and closet, and found a ghost in each and all of them, to which I said good-bye."

On The Staff. By Oliver Optic. \$1.50.
Lee and Shepard, Publishers, Boston.

An illustrated volume for a boy's reading. It is the fourth in the series of "The Blue and Gray—on Land," and carries the hero of the preceding volumes, Dick Lyon, in his new position as a staff officer, into new and fresh fields, and amid scenes of a more stirring nature. The long and rapid march of the army under Buell to the assistance of Grant at Shiloh, the desperate conflict and final victory of Pittsburg Landing, and the march to and siege of Corinth, are all fully described. In those days history was made day by day, and boys were transformed into men in a single night. Dick's position was not an exceptional one for the times, and he made the best use of it, gaining the respect and praise of his superior officers and another step in rank ere the volume closes.

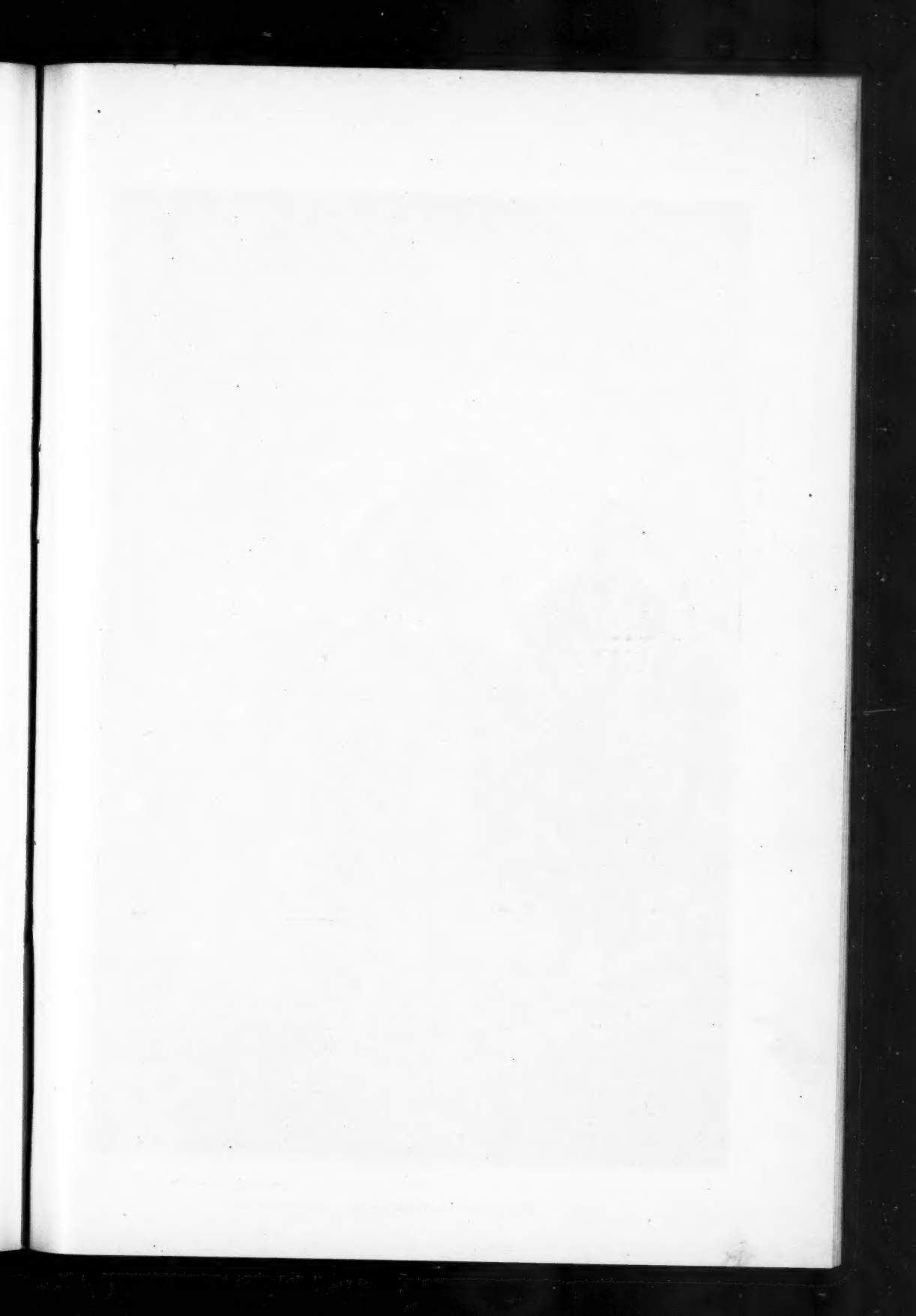
In these volumes Mr. Adams conveys to the youthful readers of the present day a realistic view of the exciting scenes and events of that memorable national period. The main incidents are historically correct, and Oliver Optic's fascinating fashion of clothing the facts of history in the garb of fiction is here delightfully set forth. Sturdy patriotism is the key-note of the motive of these tales, and the author inculcates in a convincing yet alluring manner the great lessons of honor, duty, and love of country. They will help to fire the young of the present day with something of the patriotic enthusiasm that thrilled their father's hearts during that dark period in the history of their country.

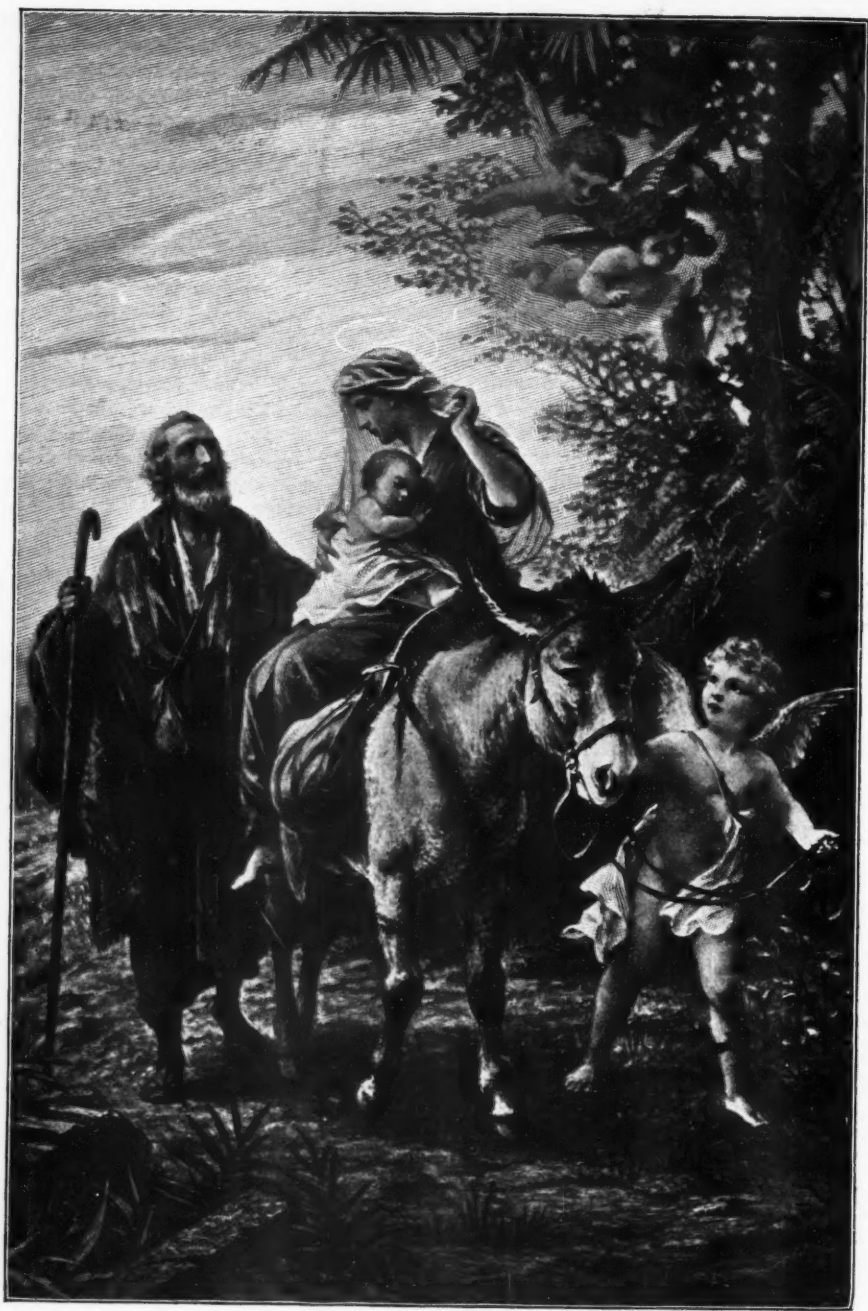
Lou. A Novel. By Baron Von Roberts.
Translated from the German by Jessie Haynes. 50 cents. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

Translated into English the German novel is highly enjoyable by the lover of strong fiction. As "Lou" is considered to be one of this able author's best novels, it will undoubtedly repay the time and currency to be expended in its purchase and reading. The author is well-known as the prize winner in an important literary contest in Vienna, in 1882, when his novel, "It," not only won the prize, but created a marked sensation in the literary circles of Germany. His "Revanche," "For The Name's Sake," and other popular German novels have also brought him increased fame. At this time he is one of the most active and most popular of the novelists of Germany. "Lou" is a story of great interest and dramatic force, and the book is beautifully printed in large type, on excellent paper.

The King's Daughters. A Romance.
By Ellen E. Dickinson (Re-issued).
Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. New York. American Publishers Corporation.

This volume is one of particular interest to all concerned for the welfare of that praiseworthy organization known as "The King's Daughters." All through the book much truth is told, to which no exceptions can honestly be taken. An Anti-Gossiping Society is advocated by the author, who deals some trenchant blows in various directions among the "upper ten." Society girls, as such, also come in for their share of attention by way of sundry lessons reflecting on their behavior. The story unfolds no little romance, and must leave its impression on the reader. The book is beautifully printed in large clear type and contains twelve full-page, half-tone engravings.





From a Painting by B. Plockhorst.

"Guided by that kind, mysterious Providence whose purposes never fail."